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Beginning HER OWN BUSINESS by Freeman Tilden

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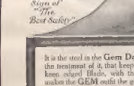

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You don't have to *break in*
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PULL—OFF a pair of Rinexed shoes—they're comfortable from the start. No gradual "breaking in," as with board-like leather soles. No scorching. No slipping about on hardwood floors or marble stairs. No anything that you have learned to endure with leather. You forget your shoes are soles.

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United States Rubber Company
Sole and Heel Dept., 1790 Broadway, New York
90 High Street, Boston

Surely There Is Something You Can Clean Up or Paint Up This Spring

THERE are two ways to keep a man out of the mud—so some one has said.

One is to punish him if he steps in.

The other is to black his boots.

You have read a great deal about how a man can change his environment: have you ever stopped to think how tremendously the environment can change the man?

We think of the Greeks as creators of wonderful statuary. It would be equally true, in a sense, to say that it was the wonderful statuary that created the Greeks.

It was the influence of those statues of big, muscular men, and beautiful women, forever before their eyes, that inspired the Greeks to build themselves up toward physical perfection.

Hypnotize a man: dirty his face and hands, and dress him in ragged clothes. What happens?

Instinctively he slouches; his actions become furtive, slovenly. His soul takes on the color of his hands.

Dress him in a soldier's uniform, and with no other suggestion his shoulders straighten.

Dress him like a gentleman, and his every movement betrays an increased self-respect.

What is true of men is true also of organizations.

I know a certain church that was in the dumps. No enthusiasm, no spirit, no pride. Everybody hopeless.

And some amateur psychologist with a little extra money determined to try an experiment.

At his own expense he treated the church building to two coats of paint.

The transforming influence of that paint was little short of miraculous.

Members, for the first time in their lives, began to feel a little pride in their church. And, feeling pride in it, they wanted to do something for it. Out of the pride came effort, and out of the effort enthusiasm, and out of enthusiasm new life for an organization that was almost dead.

I know a town where the Board of Trade never met except to attend to a body the funeral of a member. No new industries came to that town; people went elsewhere to trade. It was rolling downhill with the clutch thrown out and both brakes broken.

And somebody started a Spring Clean-Up Campaign. Men who had never done anything at all for the town got out and swirled together on the streets. Little children excepted for the fun was prize and swatted the fly with a crusader enthusiasm.

When that Clean-Up Campaign was done it had created a sensation that simply could not be stifled. Citizens who had cleaned a street for the town wanted to do something else. The whole community began to be recreated because it had washed its face and blacked its boots.

For your own sake this spring, go out and clean up something; paint up something. Anything.

Quit pushing the children for tramping mud into the house. Make the house shine, and they will want to take off their shoes and enter in stocking feet.

Quit scolding about your town for its lack of spirit. Get it clean, for once, and see what happens.

Paint the fence in front of your house.

And a surprising thing will occur.

Every time you pass it in the morning on your way to work, you will be so pleased with yourself that the whole day will go better.

I would not be surprised if that feeling of self-satisfaction would actually register itself in your income.

If you want to lift yourself out of the mud—

Now's the time—this spring. Black your boots.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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Every Week

$1.00 per Year
3 Cents a Copy

HER OWN BUSINESS

By FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustrations by George E. Wolfe

IT was the last time they expected to be together.

Next day Elizabeth Farnum and her mother would be on their way to Palm Beach. Hyatt was going back to Chicago, to his desk in the advertising office; and that would be the end of a queer, pleasant companionship which had begun in this old-world city of Charleston and had lasted three weeks.

Now they stood side by side in the half-darkness on the solid stone embankment of the city—the "Battery"—and looked out over the quiet black water toward the blacker line that was James Island. For a long time neither of them spoke. The water lapped gently at the stones beneath their feet. Behind them, from a brilliantly lighted colonial mansion came throbbers of dance music, teasingly stopped and released, stopped and released, by the soft wind.

It was she who, looking back at that revelry from which she had fled to have a last word with Hyatt, spoke first.

"I suppose I must be returning," she said regretfully. "Mother will be sending a search party for me." Her tone took on a little irony. "An heiress is so easily lost, strayed, or stolen, you know. I must go back and dance. Or play auction. Or gossip. Or discuss things I know nothing about with other people who know nothing about them. What a life!"

Hyatt turned his head to look at her. In her hurry to quit the luxurious house she had seized upon the first covering she saw. It was a man's woolen ulster, light, English, and expensive. She had turned up the collar, but not buttoned it at the neck, and her full white throat showed. Her head was erect; Hyatt could see her sensitive nose dilate with her scornful words. She seemed to him a queen—who had left her coronet at home, and was the queenlier for lack of it.

"You don't know what you have done for me!" the girl burst out with unexpected vigor. "I shall never forget these three short weeks. It isn't merely that you've treated me like a real human being; it's that you've shown me that there's big work and fascinating work in the world. Oh, if I could only do something worth while!"

HYATT leaned toward her and spoke with conviction.

"You can, you can!" he replied. "Don't you see your opportunity? Don't you see there's oceans of fun in it, not to speak of satisfaction and service? Your father must have planned something of the sort; else why, when he died, did he stipulate that you were to be an officer of the company?"

"How he must have wished that I had been a boy!" sighed the girl.

"No doubt he sometimes wished for a son. But this is your chance, Miss Farnum," went on Hyatt eagerly, "to show that daughters, too, can carry on their father's work. But I suppose I have no right to be advising you—"

"Go on! Don't stop!" said the girl, laying a hand tremulously upon his arm. "Tell me everything you think."

"Well," said Hyatt, "to be abruptly businesslike, Miss Farnum, the situation is just this, isn't it?—that the Farnum Paper Company is your own business. You could go into your office to-morrow, and your word would be final. You know nothing of the business—of any business. But you have begun to despise this other, this syllabub existence. Your father produced the finest high-grade writing paper in the world, as far as we know. It is a clean, an interesting, almost an inspiring business. There is imagination in it, and nobility—and, as I see it, a chance for a woman's taste and finesse. Who is to prevent your going into your own plant and learning the business?"

"Who is to prevent?" echoed the young woman. "Do you know what mother would say if I should suggest being a useful creature? She would look at me with affectionate agitation and say: 'My dear Elizabeth, are you not feeling well?' Poor, dear mother! She even wishes now, I think, that our family name were not tainted with trade of any sort."

"Then, of course, I suppose there's nothing more to be said."

Suddenly the youth and will and determination to live her own life burst from the girl.

"But I do want to do those things!" she exploded. "I must do something. I simply can't endure this varnished idleness. Oh, how I should like to know how to do something useful, and do it well! I should like a desk, and letters to write, and interviews about the business. Could I learn? I could, couldn't I? Please say yes, Mr. Hyatt! If I only had some one to help

"Next day she and her mother would be on their way to Palm Beach. He would be back at his desk in the advertising office. And that would be the end."

me! But not one of my friends would help me. They'd laugh at me. Mr. Hyatt!"—her eyes were burning with excitement now,—"if I *should* manage to do it, somehow, would *you* help me?"

"I'm afraid my words wouldn't carry much conviction with your mother," he replied, laughing. "I am a salaried man, you know, and not a very high salaried man, either."

"Oh, I don't mean that," she went on breathlessly. "I might manage mother. But I need some one near me who understands, if I should take the bit in my teeth. I heard father say, before he left us, that he was thinking of doing some new, important advertising. You are in that business. Would you come, if I should send for you some day? Would you help me that much?"

"I would come and help you, to the best of my ability, if I had to walk from China," responded Hyatt seriously.

They looked each other in the eyes; and each instinctively put out a hand.

"Good night," said the young woman softly. "I may take you at your word. But, if nothing ever comes of it, I want to thank you a thousand times for what you have said and done."

"Good night, Miss Farnum," replied Hyatt.

He saw her make her way back to the villa, the big coat wrapped around her, her head flung back, her step full of confidence. Then Hyatt slowly went up Meeting Street to the "select" Southern boarding-place where they had met. He went in through the gate, and sat on the porch. It was dark and quiet. Something of dreamy loveliness the young woman had left with Hyatt. It soothed him, and filled his head with fancies. But he came back to himself at last, sprang up, burst into a mocking laugh at his own expense, and said, half aloud:

"Wake up, Hyatt! You're asleep. Miss Farnum is worth a million or so, and you're an advertising writer at forty dollars a week. You may meet again—but not on this planet. Now—go to bed!"

HYATT went back to Chicago the next afternoon. Like most healthy, ambitious young men, he felt a sort of relief and renewed life at getting to his desk again. True, there was coupled with this feeling a vague sense of loss, of interrupted adventure, such as a globe-trotter feels when he comes back to dig in his garden. The recollection of that beautiful face, with its wistful eyes, came back to him now and then, and stopped him, with quickened heart, in the midst of a piece of "copy." But he shrugged his shoulders, looked at the clock, and pushed on.

Then, one day, he got a letter. It was written on that wonderfully fine paper which Hyatt recognized at once. It was type-written, too, with a comical uncertainty of touch that explained the roguish line at the bottom: "Dictated to myself."

My dear Mr. Hyatt:

Are you surprised to know that I have done it? So am I. I can hardly believe it yet, even though I am at this minute sitting in my own office, in the north end of our factory, laboriously picking out this letter on one of my own machines.

The long and short of it is, Mr. Hyatt, that I am going to hold you to your promise, unless you have the best excuse in the world. I want you to come to Farnumville and become our advertising manager.

Naturally, I find it difficult to talk of salary with you, to whom I owe so much generous help and sympathy. Will it be all right for you to come at your present salary, and let things adjust themselves after you come? Of one thing I assure you—that you will be a sharer in whatever success comes to the company. Please wire me your answer, because I am a very impatient captain of industry. Yours very sincerely,

ELISABETH FARNUM.

P. S.—I need your help more than I dare to confess. Don't fail me. Remember, you are a little responsible for my—according to my mother—"absurd adventure."

Edwin Hyatt telegraphed his acceptance, and then sat down to figure out his position. It was like a patriotic militiaman responding to the call of the colors, and leaving the reasoning part—the speculation on the chances of stopping a bullet—till afterward.

Hyatt had felt, for a long time, that his work suffered from diffusion—from his being jumped from one merchandising proposition to another. He had felt himself the possessor of a single-track mind—in a way; and he believed that his best work would be given if he could fix it on one product in which he had passionate faith. He had one priceless asset: he believed in himself; and it was not a vague egotism, but a shrewd analysis of his capacity as he saw it.

Joseph Hauptmann, of the advertising firm of Hauptmann & Burns, for whom Hyatt was working, gave the young fellow that last great encouragement, at parting, which only a highly trained and generous mind can give.

"Hyatt," he said, "I'm honestly sorry to lose you, but we never stand in the way of any good thing that comes to our employees. I think you have real talent, and this is going to give you a chance to show it. The Farnum people have been crazy not to go into the national advertising field long ago. Go to it, and good luck. And if for any reason the thing falls flat, your desk will be right here any time."

Hyatt said nothing as to the peculiar accident that had finally made the "Farnum people" change their minds. The two men, employer and employee, looked at each other for a moment. What the older man saw was a well built, clean-cut fellow of twenty-six, with clear, enthusiastic eyes, touched with humor and imagination, at the threshold of an opportunity.

After an interminable wait—almost three days—Hyatt got off the train at a little station at the side of a swiftly flowing river. This was Farnumville! Flanked on both sides by steep hills—mountains, they seemed, to his middle-Western eyes—off which the available trees had been timbered, the green and brown landscape was good to the eye. Nearly the whole of Farnumville could be seen from the station. Immediately in front of Hyatt, as he alighted, was a long brick structure, with a canal stretching along its side. Through the windows he could see white-capped figures and nimble hands turning over big sheets of paper. Another mill, slightly larger, was at the right. On the side of the mill was a sign, outlined in incandescent bulbs:

FARNUM'S ENCYCLOPEDIA LINEN

So this was Elisabeth Farnum's business!

A SMALL door at the north end of the first mill bore the word "Office." Hyatt left his grips at the station, crossed the little bridge, and entered. Facing him now was another door, announcing "President." He knocked. Then a voice, whose tone sent a tremor through the young man, said: "Come in!" He went in.

"You've come!" said the voice. Never was there such a welcome. Hyatt thought many times afterward, as was contained in those two words. Hat in hand, with flushed face, he advanced toward the young woman who had risen from her chair behind the big glass-topped mahogany desk and was holding out her hand to him.

She had seemed to him, when they were in Charleston, the most beautiful woman he had ever looked upon. But now she was something else—and something more. The bored, dissatisfied expression that had rested in her eyes was gone. In its place had come a gleam of interest and purpose and pleasure.

She was wearing a simple navy blue tailored suit, collared and cuffed in white linen, with a narrow tie of black velvet at the throat. Instantly Hyatt considered how absolutely and richly feminine the costume was—and yet how admirably it fitted with the surroundings. The business woman had come into being at no expense to the other woman.

"You see," she said quickly, with a smile of unaffected enjoyment, "that I am already at work. And it is only nine o'clock. Did you want to come? Oh, I've got the greatest schemes! I suppose most of them are absurd, but I've got to tell them. They're about advertising, of course. Fancy me giving ideas to an advertising man!"

This was Elizabeth Farnum! This was the young woman who had fallen heir to the great Farnum business when its creator passed away. By hearsay, Hyatt knew the details, in brief. Nathan Farnum, besides building up the business and making his water-mark known throughout the world, had been a conservative but successful investor. It was said that he had left more than two millions besides the plants. The young woman was supposed to be worth more than a million, besides her ownership of the business. And this was she, at the end of a social existence that she had abruptly concluded, sitting patiently in her father's old office, at his old desk, trying to master the myriad details of paper making and selling! And *he* had had a part in the transformation!

"Miss Farnum," he said, "I think you ought to know that I am not what you would call a finished advertising man. So far as I have gone, I have done well. But I hope I didn't give you a wrong impression when we were speaking of these things down South. I did get mighty enthusiastic, because—well, I always do get that way whenever I think of a high-grade product of any kind. But enthusiasm isn't everything. I haven't the slightest technical knowledge of this product. I—"

"...on't you suppose I've considered those things?" she laughed. "I'm really quite advanced already in business, Mr. Hyatt. Do you remember the day you found me writing a letter, and said jokingly, 'That stationery you're using, Miss Farnum, isn't nearly as good as your own brand'? I replied, you remember, that I knew it wasn't, and I should prefer the Encyclopedia, except that it was just a little heavy and mannish for a young woman to use. Then you said, 'But your company ought to make a lighter-weight, more feminine note-paper, of the same fine quality as Encyclopedia, Miss Farnum.' And we're going to do that very thing, Mr. Hyatt! And the idea was yours! I don't know why it wasn't done before—but it's going to be now. I've talked with Mr. Rouss—he's the general manager—about it. Now how dare you say that you can't help us?"

"I shall never say so again—until it's proved to me," rejoined Hyatt, with a laugh. "I'll give you the very best I have. And it will certainly be pleasant to take hold of a proposition like this. I see great chances."

"Did you just come on that train?" she asked. "And your things are at the station? I've taken the liberty of getting you a boarding-place here in town. I thought you wouldn't care to live at the hotel. Perhaps you'd like to go up there now? And I'll telephone our chauffeur to bring the car over, and show you the country round here, this afternoon."

"I'd much rather go through the plant," suggested Hyatt. "I can see the country afterward."

"No-o," she replied thoughtfully. "I think it's important to see the environment I've asked you to live in."

There was a note of courteous finality in Elizabeth Farnum's voice that quite settled the argument. It told Hyatt that the young woman had actually assumed the direction of her affairs. He bowed and went out; and as he closed the door behind him, he saw her sit down and get back to her work as if she had been brought up in the office.

THE boarding-place proved to be almost ideal and the price almost alarmingly low to Hyatt, who had been used to city taxation. Promptly after dinner, which was at noon, a big car appeared at the gate. A hundred miles or more Hyatt was hurled along the fine roads of the surrounding territory in company with an intelligent young man from the office, who pointed out the places of interest.

But, pleasant as it was lying back on the upholstery, Hyatt was anxious to get back to the plant. He wanted to get his mind in touch with the product; he wanted to see the wheels go round; he longed to grapple with that most pulsing of all work, the marketing of a supreme article of trade. His mind was already planning a campaign that would make every business man in the country turn automatically to Encyclopedia papers when he wanted a messenger worthy of his wares. Above all, Hyatt wanted to justify the belief that this fine young woman had sometime built upon and around him.

In the morning Hyatt got down to the office at eight—the opening hour for the office force. Elizabeth Farnum came a few moments afterward. She greeted him with a graceful "good morning," satisfied herself that he was content with what he had seen of Farnumville, and then pressed a button. A moment later a man entered the room briskly. He cast a glance of obvious surprise upon Hyatt, and then stood respectfully before his employer.

"Mr. Rouss, I want you to meet Mr. Edwin Hyatt, of Chicago. Mr. Hyatt, this is our Mr. Samuel Rouss, the general manager. Please sit down, Mr. Rouss."

The general manager, a tall, nervous man with glistening dark eyes, black mustache, thin under lip, and a scarcity of hair that made him seem older than he was, sat down, with just the faintest trace of ironical interest on his face.

"Mr. Rouss," continued the young woman, "Mr. Hyatt has come from Chicago to be our advertising manager."

"Advertising manager!" repeated Rouss. "Ah, yes; advertising manager. Certainly."

The young woman smiled.

"I think I owe you an apology, Mr. Rouss, for not taking you into my confidence about this. But, you see, I wasn't sure Mr. Hyatt would come to us; and I had no one else in mind. Mr. Hyatt is the gentleman who suggested the lighter-weight Encyclopedia—you know."

The general manager flashed a look at Hyatt.

"I must say," he replied, "that I made the same suggestion to your father four years ago, Miss Farnum."

"Indeed?" the young woman said dryly. "Of course I wouldn't have been likely to hear of it. However, it should be done."

"As to the position of advertising manager," went on Rouss, "I confess I am somewhat surprised, Miss Farnum. Speaking quite frankly, I don't see the opening. I don't claim to be an accomplished writer of advertising myself, but I think I have got very good results from the mediums we have used. I really don't see how Mr. Hyatt can keep busy."

"But we are going to broaden out. We're actually going before the public with Encyclopedia," said Miss Farnum.

"As I understand it, Mr. Rouss," interjected Hyatt, "you have been using only trade journals—printing and allied trades.

FREEMAN TILDEN, *who wrote this serial, has been a newspaper man, a salesman, a successful advertising writer, and various other interesting things. "Her Own Business" will be followed a little later by a number of short stories built around the experiences of young men in present-day business. Mr. Tilden lives on a farm in Massachusetts, and makes even more money as a writer than he does as a farmer.*

"'Mr. Rouss,' he said in a shaking voice, 'you can say anything about me you choose. But the next time you mention Miss Farnum to me in that sneering, insinuating way—'"

"In talking the matter over with Miss Farnum, I made this point, which I should like your judgment on. If a business man says to his printer, 'I want you to get me out as much and as much office stationery on a high-grade paper,' without mentioning what high-grade paper, he may get Escutcheon, but he probably won't. The printer is human. In the first place, there isn't quite the profit for him in using Escutcheon; in the second place, by using a cheaper paper that will make a good showing, he can quote more attractive prices to his customer. But if the business man says, 'I want my stationery to be Escutcheon,' he'll get it. Now, the question is, what will make your business man specifically name Escutcheon? Advertising, won't it? And you can't reach that man through the trade journals. You must reach him through some medium he reads."

"That's it!" added Miss Farnum. "That's what is in my mind, Mr. Rouss."

It was only too obvious that the general manager didn't like the trend of things. He rose with dignity and said:

"Really, it seems to me that it has all been settled—in which case anything I should say—"

"Oh, come, Mr. Rouss!" the young woman interrupted quickly. "Please don't be offended. I do indeed ask your pardon for keeping you in the dark about it all. But, now that Mr. Hyatt is here, we want your help. You were my father's right-hand man, and I have just as much faith in you as he had. Please do be reasonable."

The tone was so ingratiating, so flattering, that Rouss flushed with pleasure, like a commended school-boy. When he spoke again his manner was changed.

"At your service always, Miss Farnum. I realize there is merit in Mr. Hyatt's suggestion. Still, you will pardon me for being frank—"

"I want you to be frank."

"Yes, Miss Farnum. Then I would say to you both, do you realize that a campaign such as you propose means a radical readjustment of our whole business scheme? Do you realize that such a campaign is going to cost a lot of money? Fifty thousand dollars at least—"

"Fifty thousand!" laughed the young woman. "Why, I'm going to spend a hundred thousand the first year if it seems justifiable, Mr. Rouss!"

"A hundred thousand!" Rouss gasped. "You don't mean it, Miss Farnum! Your father—"

"Is no longer here." She spoke soberly, and with a little catch in her voice. "Perhaps, Mr. Rouss, it would be as well to consider only the living now."

Rouss went pale. He knew that she knew he had more than once used her father's name as a sort of club over her. Hyatt relieved the situation by saying:

"It is understood, Mr. Rouss, that not one penny will be spent in advertising until I have made a minute survey of the situation, considered all points, distribution especially, and given good assurance that every dollar that goes out will come back with a rollicking company."

"I understand," replied Rouss, but grudgingly. "I'll be glad to talk it all over with you any time. Is that all, Miss Farnum? I'm very busy—"

"Yes, for the present."

When Rouss had gone, Miss Farnum smiled queerly at Hyatt.

"I'm afraid Mr. Rouss is annoyed," she said. "But please don't be angry with him if he shows—you understand—a little pique—"

"Indeed I won't," promised Hyatt. "Maybe I should feel the same way if he were in my place and I in his."

The young woman looked earnestly at Hyatt a moment. Then she replied:

"No, you wouldn't. It's nice of you to put it that way, but you wouldn't. You're—well, you're bigger than that."

"I thank you," said Hyatt.

The words sounded rather stupid to his own ears, the moment he uttered them—but he was sincerely grateful, and he rested on that.

"And now, Mr. Hyatt," concluded the young woman, "you will find a desk ready for you in the room next to Mr. Rouss. The purchasing agent will get you anything you need. The plants are open to you, and you'll find father's old help mighty nice men. And one thing more. You are responsible to nobody but me. *Nobody.* Please remember that. It may save misunderstanding. I choose to think of you, at least just now, as something more than just an employee of the plant."

She reddened, and hastened to add:

"What I mean is, your work will be of a different sort from the rest. And I know we are going to get along splendidly. Good luck!"

As he walked along the narrow corridor to the room that had been hastily prepared for him, Hyatt was more nearly intoxicated than he had ever been before in his life. Elizabeth Farnum had, in less than two days, bound him to her fortunes with hoops of steel. He sat down at his desk feeling marvelously cleansed—he who had always felt clean. Over all, he felt an unspeakable joy at having contributed his little to bring this new sweetness to her.

MEANWHILE, Samuel Rouss went back to his room and indulged in a prolonged and acid sulk.

Nathan Farnum's keen sense of values had long ago appraised Rouss. Now and then he had been invited to the Farnum home for dinner; and then it was that the girl—as she was then—had deftly perceived that her father treated his manager with more liking than respect. The fact was Rouss, who had come into the office as a boy, had always remained something of a promoted office-boy.

Now Miss Farnum had done the unthinkable thing just as Rouss was settling down to a beautiful state of managership. She had burst suddenly into the office and removed the chair he was sitting in, so to speak.

Hyatt was dangerous in more ways than one. Rouss had begun to dream dreams. And those dreams were not all confined to the business. The general manager, who was only thirty-six in spite of his approaching baldness, had his full share of self-esteem.

The sudden entrance of Elizabeth Farnum into her own business had kindled a hope in Rouss's breast. If Miss Farnum, who, Rouss knew, had disappointed eligible men of wealth inclined toward the self-made, or self making, kind of man, then why had he not a right to hope—to aspire?

In the next few days Hyatt's tactfulness relieved the general manager's suspicions. He honestly tried to include Rouss in his preliminary moves. Even before he made his first trip through the plants, he asked the older man to furnish him a factory guide who could make the technical processes clear to him.

But Rouss misconstrued Hyatt's modesty and deference. He took them to mean that he had a mild, plastic nature in hand. With this thought in mind, he burst into Hyatt's office, one day, with a box of index-cards in one hand. He found Hyatt sitting at his desk, looking out of the window.

"Ah, Mr. Hyatt," said Rouss briskly, "you're not busy just now, are you?"

It was not within Rouss's vision to perceive that an advertising writer, engaged in what is practically creative work, is never either busy or idle, in the sense that a stenographer or filing clerk is busy or idle.

Hyatt smiled cordially.

"Why, I'm not actually writing anything just yet," he replied; "I was thinking. But is there anything I could do?"

"Yes. These index-cards have got all mixed up. Somehow the girl in my office, who looks after them, isn't showing common intelligence these days. I thought if you weren't doing anything you might straighten them out for me."

Instantly Hyatt remembered Miss Farnum's admonition, not to hold himself responsible to anybody but herself. And, further, it occurred to the young fellow that this indexing was a job for a ten-dollar clerk. But, on the other hand, he didn't want to seem ungracious.—It was a small matter.—and he replied: "Certainly; I'll fix them up for you."

THE next day Rouss appeared at about the same time in the morning. This time he had a bunch of trade papers and a scrap-book.

"I say, Mr. Hyatt," he began, "would you mind clipping our ads out of these papers and pasting them up? I usually do this myself, but I'm rushed to death."

Hyatt looked at the general manager curiously. He was beginning to wonder about it. But he answered pleasantly:

"Of course I'll help you out gladly, Mr. Rouss. Just at this moment, though, I'm trying hard to work out a little problem of my own. I suppose these clippings could wait."

"Oh, any time to-day; but try to get them pasted up by to-night."

Hyatt tried to enjoy the joke, for he insisted on considering it a joke. Yet it was evident that either the general manager didn't realize what Hyatt was in the office for, or that he preferred to ignore it.

The third day in succession Rouss came to Hyatt with a request that had nothing to do with advertising. He appeared at Hyatt's door with a couple of strangers, a man and a woman, who had asked to be shown through the plant.

"I thought you might spare a half hour, Mr. Hyatt. You can make it so much more interesting to this gentleman and lady than one of the clerks—"

Hyatt turned red. He had a dread of starting a scene in the presence of strangers. He telegraphed a glance at Rouss that should have served as an ample warning. Then he said:

"I really ought not spare the time, Mr. Rouss, just now. Might I ask you to try to get some one else—"

Rouss drew himself up with managerial dignity. In a metallic voice he said:

"I should prefer to have you go, Mr. Hyatt."

"No; let Mr. Hyatt stay here! I'll show them through the plant!" said a familiar voice.

Rouss turned at the words, and turned paper white as he looked into the face of Elizabeth Farnum. Hyatt was likewise staring at the sudden apparition.

"If you will come with me," went on the young woman, turning to the strangers, "I'll be very glad to go through the plant with you."

"But—Miss Farnum!" gasped the general manager. "Please—"

Elizabeth Farnum had already started along the corridor with her guests. She stopped a moment and came back.

"Mr. Rouss," she said crisply, "I consider that Mr. Hyatt's time is worth more than mine. Furthermore, Mr. Hyatt is not here as a licensed guide."

And she went on her way.

Rouss, with clenched hands, saw her go. Then, stung out of all self-possession by the rebuff, he turned upon Hyatt like a snapping lash and cried:

Continued on page 19

A COUNTRY BANKER

By FORREST CRISSEY

WHEN we asked you some months ago whether a man could make good in a big way in a country town, you sent us the name of B. F. Harris of Champaign, Illinois, to prove it. Here is Harris's story. Another article by Mr. Crissey, called "Speeding Up the Store," will appear in an early issue.

WHENEVER I hear anybody argue that a big man can not stay in the country and find full scope for his abilities, I just naturally think of a certain country banker down in Central Illinois, who has stuck to his country job and yet has made his name known across the continent.

There has never been an instant of doubt of the fact that "Frank" Harris belongs wholly to the country. For generations the family background has been farms. In fact, he was born on the same farm where his father first saw the light of day and where five generations of Harrises have foregathered. This farm he now owns and operates. It has been under Harris cultivation ever since the Indians surrendered its possession.

If "Frank" Harris was ever tempted to strike out for the big city, on the theory that the country town couldn't give him swing enough, he has never confessed it. He came straight from Columbia, in 1893, to Champaign, Illinois, and had hardly been home a week before he started something that betrayed the bent of his whole career, the key-note of his character—an irrepressible faith in the possibilities of doing things in the country.

He found one of the first electric street railways in America, and took hold of it in spite of the fact that it was a mere shell—a single line connecting Champaign and Urbana, operated by one generator and a small engine housed in an abandoned factory.

Almost everybody advised him to play with something less expensive, and insisted that he was taking a short cut to parting with a large part of the Harris money. Then he handed his critics a jolt that made them gasp. He bought the most beautiful wooded tract that he could find, and built a line of electric road out to it. Possibly a few electric roads in the East may have tried this artificial means of increasing travel; but, at any rate, the precedent of success had not permeated to the West, and young Harris was breaking new ground. The absurdity of building an electric road without having a good town at each end of it was instantly proclaimed by the wise ones. However, Harris had a wood university to draw travelers from, and his amusement park proved to be a very nimble and persistent nickel-puller.

He Reduced the Gas Bill

AT this time the gas business of the country was decidedly sick. It was staggering from the first blow dealt by the new feather-weight champion, electric light. Gas had, however, one bright ray of hope in the form of the Welsbach light. Because this worked a positive economy in gas lighting, the attitude of the gas companies generally was to hold the use of these lights to as low a point as possible. Here again the young business executive saw that the gas meter could be made to crowd the kerosene lamp out of scores of town homes if such a change were made clearly economical to the consumer. So he went after the gas business of Champaign and Urbana, and got it. This put him in possession of the whole street railway, electric lighting, and gas interests of the twin towns. It looked like a cinch, and onlookers waited to see how much tribute the young monopolist would exact. But he reduced the price of gas from $2 to $1.50, and astonished the housewives by showing them how they could cut their gas bill and get more light by using Welsbachs. He brought one of the most celebrated cooking experts of the country to demonstrate what comfort and economy could be secured from the use of gas stoves.

Naturally, this kind of performance soon landed the young business-maker in the chair of president of the Chamber of Commerce. He was told that it was up to him to start something that would bring in some live industries. This was not an easy job—in view of the fact that there was no water power to attract factories. But this did not hinder young Harris from wielding the job. Once more he attacked his task in a way that was "different." A tract of eighty acres on the edge of the town, was bought, subdivided, and sold for residence purposes, with the result that the organization had a working fund of about $80,000. While the drag-out for industries brought in some "dead ones," the percentage was small, and those remaining from the haul, and now doing a prosperous business, represent an investment of about $700,000.

Meantime he was growing into his real job—that of hitching the banker and the farmer together with a hyphen.

Probably more than any other one man, he deserves credit for putting the "County Soil Improvement Association" on the map of the United States. As *The Associated* once put it:

> Thanks to the amazing mental and physical energy of a single country banker, B. F. Harris, of Champaign, Illinois, the Agricultural Commission of the American Bankers' Association is doing a work that can not be undone. It is instructing the farmer in sound finance and the banker in good agriculture, both at the same time. It is doing more than that. It is bringing farmers and bankers together on a plane of economic understanding.

I doubt if there is another layman in the United States who has exerted more influence than B. F. Harris on the four big pieces of recent federal legislation bearing on the national system of farm demonstration work, of consolidated rural schools, of good roads, and of rural credits.

"It's about time for us to take interest *in* the farmers as well as from them," was the slogan with which he went after his fellow bankers.

He established a magazine called *The Banker-Farmer*, and wrote most of the copy for it. It wasn't much to look at—but after the second issue was out country editors, city editors, financial editors, farm journal editors, and magazine editors began to look for it and to find copy in it. There was not an advertisement in it—but so many bankers bought it and gave it to customers and friends that it was a financial success almost from the start. There was a freshness, a sincerity, and an honest punch in the little magazine, made by a country banker down in the Corn Belt, that carried conviction and interested almost everybody, from the tenant farmer to the big Wall Street financier.

The most remarkable thing about this modest publication, however, was the fact that it put the banker in a new light before the people. It interpreted him to the public as a human being who was alert to do more for his community than the community was willing to do for itself. While this periodical was opening the eyes of the people to see the representative banker in a new light, it was also opening the mental pores of many bankers to an extent to which they had never been extended before.

Learning Things at First Hand

VERY likely a lot of the startling and aggressive things said by this young country banker in his speeches, his magazine, his newspaper articles, and his personal letters would have fallen flat if he had not early formed the habit of basing his doctrines on personal experience, of finding out things at first hand, of living his progressive ideas first and preaching them afterward. Before he began to talk the benefits of modern agricultural methods, of diversified farming and scientific crop rotation, of developing the "dormant reserve" of the soil and building and protecting its fertility, of draining and reclaiming lowlands, of paving feed-yards instead of throwing sixty cent. of corn into the mud, of raising two litters of pigs a year instead of one, and of arranging farm buildings and fields to save labor instead of wasting it—before he attempted to urge these advanced ideas upon his Champaign County neighbors, he tried them out on a farm of his own.

When he began his experiment he could have bought the farm across the road, which was practically identical with his in character, for $150 an acre. Its average corn yield was from thirty-five to forty bushels an acre. In seven years, by fertility-building methods, he pushed his own production up to eighty bushels an acre, and made his farm salable at more than $300 an acre.

He had proved his theories good: his reward came in the opportunity to help in writing the federal bill that makes the soil improvement expert a direct representative of the government. There are about three hundred and seventy of these country agents in thirty-three Northern States. Their cost last year was about $1,200,000. The Smith-Lever Bill gives the agricultural agents of the whole United States $2,000,000 for 1916-17. Of this $1,254,800 goes to Northern States. Perhaps no man in America is more responsible for this fact than B. F. Harris, the country banker, the man who has consistently declined alluring offers to go to the big city, embrace metropolitan opportunity, and make something of himself.

Possibly B. F. Harris might have made more money in a big city. That must remain a matter of conjecture. His fortune is probably not great, as big fortunes are measured to-day. But it is altogether likely that much more money than he now has would curtail rather than increase his enjoyments and his influence. And it is quite certain that a fortune of several million dollars would be required to give him the same relative standing in the city, in a financial way, that he now enjoys in the country. Apparently there is no luxury that a reasonable human being would desire that this country banker does not have.

About the time when Mr. Harris was president of the Chamber of Commerce, the Governor of Illinois sent a commission to Champaign to talk permanent hard roads. The farmers of the Black Mud Belt responded with a roar of protest that made the chandelier of the Executive Mansion jingle. They observed that the cost of such a highway would be ten or twelve thousand dollars a mile, and that anybody who tried to saddle them with that expense would be mighty unpopular. Then B. F. Harris called a good roads picnic. He said:

"Let everybody come and talk right out in meeting. We're going to have the best speakers on both sides, and the lid will be off. We'll have a lot of fun and learn something besides."

Well, they did. The proposition to authorize $1,000,000 bonds for a system of hard roads is before the people of that county now. To-day even a politician is not afraid to talk good roads in the Black Mud Belt about Champaign.

Largely as a result of his persistent work along this line, the Tice Bill became a law in Illinois. This gives State aid to the cause of good roads in his own commonwealth.

Raising Hothouse Lambs

AS chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the American Bankers' Association Mr. Harris has made these matters—all intimately related to country life—the corner-stones of a nation-wide work, with the result that he has powerfully influenced, in a very direct way, State and national legislation that has lately been enacted along these lines.

Since retiring from that chairmanship, he has pushed the interests of the National Foreign Trade Council, of which he is a member. In urging a big publication to give greater attention to this subject, he used this characteristic expression:

> American industries and agriculture must find a wider market if we are to have our natural growth and keep our labor and capital employed, and further develop and increase our capacity and efficiency. The war situation is helping to make us *think internationally*—as we should—and take us out of ourselves. We are going to be forced into foreign trade, foreign banking, and a merchant marine, with a big navy for protection.

A surprising characteristic of this irrepressible country banker is the ease with which he works. He seems to have plenty of time for everything. The close personal supervision of a twenty-five hundred acre farm is apparently a mere pastime to him—though a farm that turns out about three thousand hogs a year, some sixteen hundred hothouse lambs and beef cattle, and other things on the same scale, looks to most folks like a regular man's job, instead of an outdoor sport for a banker.

He has deprived himself of city advantages. It would be hard to name a man who has a wider personal acquaintance with the big men of the country. And this acquaintance is neither superficial nor confined to leaders in finance. In the world of art, music, literature, the drama and painting, this Corn Belt banker is as much at home as if he inhabited Fifth Avenue the year round. In a word, he is distinctly a cosmopolitan in the truest and broadest sense.

On the Spring Idea

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

TO begin at the beginning (which mostly isn't being done this year, yet has its advantages if you care about getting at the root of a thing), Linda missed her car that morning. Otherwise she might never have noticed the pear tree. And missing the car interrupted the sequence of Linda's existence, halted her efficient routine—which ran, if you like to stop and look at it, something like this:

Every morning at half-past six Linda Rowland got out of bed to the tune of a large and stolid alarm-clock. She dressed hurriedly, with full attention to soap and water, but little time for face powder. At seven she breakfasted in a clammy boarding-house dining-room: one orange, one slice of toast, one cup of coffee, and one egg. Twenty-eight minutes past seven saw her standing on the corner of Prytania and Toledano streets, and she always caught the seven-thirty car. At eight o'clock invariably she hung up her hat in the office and took the cover off her machine.

She was a stenographer, of course. One doesn't get up at half-past six from sheer personal inclination.

However, upon the morning in question Linda missed her car, a calamity resultant upon several smaller calamities—a broken shoe-string, a delayed breakfast, and so on. She stood like a small, prim figure of Desolation upon the street corner, and saw the seven-thirty go by (having unavailingly run for it). Seven-thirty-three would bring another; but you know how it is: a missed car is a missed car.

It was with the worst grace in the world that she composed herself to wait.

It was then that she noticed the pear tree.

Merely as a pear tree she had seen it before. Gnarled, stubby and naked, it had stood all winter just inside the low stone fence of the corner yard. Birds had passed it by and bleak little winds had jeered through its branches. To look at it you would have said the sap was dead within it. Now, overnight, it trembled into bloom. Against the blue March sky it spread the largesse of a thousand bridals—whiter than sea-foam, whiter than new silk, more fragile than rose-leaves, more buoyant than butterflies. Spring? The quintessence of all the springs in yesterday's seven thousand years! The sky behind it, turquoise; gray-green branches showing through; and oh, that clustered, dripping, ineffably faintly fragrant wealth of small white flowers!

Tears stung Linda's eyelids as she looked—the tears of beauty's lover. She settled her black sailor hat, tightened the collar of her plain white blouse, and buttoned the topmost button of her blue serge coat. Her heart was beating faster; her gray eyes widened, glowing, upon that shameless ecstasy of bloom.

Then the seven-thirty-three car came by, and Linda got aboard. She found a seat far up in front, and resigned herself deliberately to thinking of the pear tree. To look at her, you might have supposed she was thinking of adding-machines. A small, pale face, long gray eyes, an indeterminate bun of brown hair beneath any-woman's hat—that was Linda. Her chin was delicious and the line of her throat slenderly appealing, but Linda did not know it. She wore badly cut white collars, immaculately laundered, and gave the matter little thought beyond buying new collars when the old ones began to fray. As for her hats, they were much the same the year round: felt in winter, straw in summer, but always a sailor, simply trimmed, and rolling a little on one side—as sailors have been known to do.

THERE was, of course, a very good reason for frugality. Linda, as a stenographer in the large and uninteresting office of the Gas Company, made twelve and a half dollars a week, on which you can not very well blossom like the rose with impunity. She gave her mother, who was the hostess of the clammy dining-room, four dollars a week for overhead and underfoot expenditure; and four from twelve and a half does not leave Golconda.

Linda, who had been at work since she was eighteen and who was now twenty-four, had managed, by dint of excessive effort, to save in the last three years a little over two hundred dollars. A small bank-book reposed proudly in a drawer with her clean stockings and handkerchiefs, and she sometimes thought with righteous defiance of that week-end known as a rainy day.

She was not in love with her work, which was steady routine with small chance for promotion; but she did it to the best of her ability, being one of that large army who need the money. Her employer had never asked her out to dinner, and she had never had to defend herself from the impertinent advances of any of the men with whom she came in contact. She did not like fish stew, but she ate it two or three times a week for luncheon because it was sensible and inexpensive. For the same reason, she wore cotton stockings.

To such a personality what harm could a pear tree do, however crazily in bloom? Nevertheless—

LINDA thought of it all the way downtown. It came between her and her carbon copies like the wraith of some lonely lady. She perceived its fragrance and felt again the ache of its vernal beauty with every hour told off by the office clock. She was abstracted, and was twice called sharply to time by the head of the Information Department. At noon, before going to lunch, she went reluctantly, in the grip of some amazing impulse, to the bank and drew out ten dollars of her cherished reserve fund.

She made up her mind to buy a hat. I have tried to laugh at her, but I can't. Can you?

AS the long, bright afternoon wore itself away, with the machines merrily clinking, the telephone ringing sweetly, and all the other happy noises of a large office going gaily on about her, Linda's cheeks grew nervously flushed and her eyes bright.

It was not her time to buy a hat. She always bought a straw in April, a felt in November. Also, she commonly paid five for the one, four for the other. Nevertheless—

She asked to be allowed to leave the office early, an unheard-of request from Linda, and therefore more easily granted. Once down the stairs, she went swift as a homing pigeon to a little hat-shop on Canal Street.

It was a little late and the day had been dull; so the large, deep-bosomed lady who waited on Linda showed no amazing interest.

"Something dark?" she observed, regarding with a practised eye the hat that Linda wore. "Something in a sailor, dearie? Kinder simple?"

Linda looked about her. From every shelf flamed roses, lilacs, orchids, lengths of gold and silver ribbon, folds of jewel-colored velvet. Mirrors gave back rainbows of tulle, cascades of metallic lace. Dusk was on the little shop, and the mystery of adventure.

The heart in Linda's breast beat heavily.

"No—" she said at length; "not—not a sailor; something more like—with flowers—"

The large lady looked again, a trifle more keenly. She placed a ringed hand on her flesh-colored Georgette crêpe bosom, and heaved a sympathetic sigh.

"I know," she said; "I know, dearie, just what you want. Sit right down before this mirror—take off your hat. I'll bring it over; I got the very thing—something on the spring idea—eh?"

She went and returned, bearing on her hand a small hat of rough green straw with a narrow band of silvery-looking ribbon about the crown, and a small posy, of all the demurest flowers that grow, perched quaintly at one side.

"Now will you tell me," demanded the large lady, setting the hat firmly down upon Linda's soft brown hair, "is that too *sweet*—or is it not?"

It was, of course. Beneath that gray-green straw, Linda's eyes turned pools of wistfulness; her clear, pale skin grew softer, her lips warmer, her smile younger. You know what a new hat can do for fainting female spirits.

"I'll let you have it for ten dollars—and that's giving it away. But it *looks* like you, dearie!" said the lady.

"I'll take it," said Linda briefly.

"You'll never be sorry—that's a *chic* little hat." (She said it archly, "*sheek*.") "What's the address, dearie? You got good hair, which is God's own mercy when it comes to buying a hat—if you know what I mean."

Linda gave her address and

"It was then that she noticed the pear tree. Against the blue sky it was whiter than sea-foam, more fragile than rose-leaves, more buoyant than butterflies."

went home. She flung the pear tree a glance, almost frightened, when she got off the car at Tuledano Street; but in the early dusk the pear tree showed nun-like and vague—a white cloud sleeping in the fence corner. Still, its fragrance hovered.

The new hat came home next day, and, still in the grasp of that blind desire for something she had not yet touched, Linda wore it on the third day down to work. She never got on her car in the morning now without a backward glance at the pear tree.

HALF way through that day, it came to her with overwhelming clearness that the green hat made the blue suit impossible—dull, even dusty-looking. Linda caught her breath and wrestled with herself. She thought of rainy days, she thought of illness, she thought of wise provision for old age; but in the end she drew thirty dollars from the bank and bought with it a suit—of some gray stuff, a short, well cut skirt, a loose, boyish-looking coat. And that night, when the boarding-house was quiet, she tried her hair in a new way—a softer way, a way having more "dash" about it, as her friend the lady in the hat-shop would have said.

"What're you getting new clothes for now?" inquired Mrs. Rowland, when this efflorescence of raiment came to her notice. She was mostly too tired to be very observant.

"Because I need them," said Linda. She evaded further questioning.

But the new suit led to a new blouse—to four new blouses, to be exact, because a business woman can not very well go to bed while her clothes are being laundered; and to dully shining pumps, because a new skirt makes old shoes look shabby; and eventually, upon one feverish battle-ground of a day, to three pairs of silk stockings—that was after a morning in which Linda had stolen a twig of the pear tree over the fence to stick in her buttonhole. The faint, heavy fragrance of the flowers was like an enchanted drink to her. Oh, well! She bought the stockings at noon, and, changing in the restroom which the so thoughtful Gas Company provided for its retainers, wore a pair of them home with the new pumps.

She did not allow herself now to consider the rainy day. Her first pair of silk stockings provided a thrill that allowed of no gloomy reflections whatsoever.

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining, when she stepped on the Prytania Street car. It was the most crowded hour of the day, but what of that?—with silk to stand on! She was not, however, forced to stand. At the very front of the car, next to the door, two small seats faced each other across the aisle. One of these Linda attained.

Her vis-à-vis, a tall young man in blue serge, sheltered himself in an evening paper above which he scowled alertly. Linda folded her hands in her lap, looked down at her feet, and drew a long sigh of contentment. The car, crowded with home-going shoppers and business men, lurched along between vague twilit spaces. Lights blossomed up and down the street. There was the busy murmur of voices, the hiss of the conductor's bell, the occasional click of fares rung up.

LINDA never knew just when she first looked across and met the eyes of the man in the opposite seat. Because her instinct pricked her, and because she had been properly taught by movies and Sunday supplements, she looked down again at once—but not before a little stinging thrill ran over her from head to foot. He had (she was astoundingly conscious of it) the nicest eyes imaginable, deep-set and steady, with a flicker of fun in their depths. In that one startled glance Linda was also aware of a presentable chin and a likable mouth, a dark blue bi-waded tie, the glint of a queer greenish stone in his tie-pin—

For five minutes of rather shaken and conscious aloofness Linda looked at the floor, looked down the car, looked out of the window; then, against all precedent and dreadfully against her will, she looked back at the stranger.

His eyes rose to meet hers above his neglected newspaper.

Linda flushed—almost imperceptibly. His look was unmistakably for her, yet somehow entirely without offense. She regarded him coldly and looked away. She was conscious of the fact that he folded his newspaper and rolled it between his hands. With the eyes that every woman wears in the back of her head, she knew that he presently settled his tie.

She was breathing quickly, which surprised her, and a sweet, wild sense of adventure danced about her heart, which surprised her yet further. (It was spring, you remember, and on Linda's homeward way the pear tree still blossomed.) However it was, and whatever the reason, when Linda's eyes for the third time met the eyes of the young man in the blue serge, she smiled—the faintest, shyest flicker of a smile. And the young man smiled—almost as faintly, if not quite so shyly. The car proceeded in a rosy haze.

The old story, you observe. Pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Two blocks farther on Linda left the car—when, to her breathless horror, the young man rose and followed. She had been holding the thought, when she smiled, of her imminent departure; but obviously the fate of the evil-doer was upon her. Her hurried steps took her no faster than his unhurried stride.

"I should have known better!" panted Linda's frightened heart. "He'll try to speak. What'll I do? What'll I—"

She clutched her purse and all but ran, the silk stockings and little new shoes bearing her neatly. Vaguely through her alarm showed a rebellious sense of regret: "And he looked so nice—he looked—"

Then she came all at once in the twilight to her mother's dwelling and security. The old house faced upon the street, and Linda, with a little gasp mounting the steps, looked to see her pursuer go by defeated.

He mounted the six stone steps behind her.

She faced him, her latch-key in the door, heart stammering against her side.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"May I come in?" inquired the villain of the piece.

She thought he smiled, and that enraged her.

"Please go away—at once."

"Sorry, but—"

"There is a policeman at the corner!"

"Don't be afraid of him! Besides, I don't really see any—do you?"

His voice was like his eyes, deep and troubled with a lazy humor.

"How dare you follow me in here?"

"Well, you see, I—"

"Don't you know I can—have you—arrested?"

She made a nervous little gesture, shrinking closer to the door behind her.

"Please don't!"

"Then go away—at once," said Linda sternly.

"Can't very well," said the young man meekly. "You see, I live here."

"Since when?" inquired Linda with outraged sarcasm.

"Since this morning." He added for her further enlightenment, "I'm boarding here, y'know."

"Oh!" said Linda.

"Yes, really," said the young man politely. He looked very tall in the dusk. "May I open the door for you?"

Whereupon he did, astoundingly, open her own door with her own key, and usher her into her own house.

Linda fled up the stairs like a competent business woman pursued by demons—which is to say, with dignity but without lingering.

THAT night at dinner the young man appeared and was introduced as Mr. Hewitt, from the West. Linda, who looked no higher than her plate, allowed him a nervous and almost imperceptible bow. But after dinner she waited for him in the hall, where odors of cabbage and boiled mutton mingled friendly-wise upon the stagnant air.

"I should like to speak to you a minute," said Linda.

How was he to know that her hands were cold, her knees trembling?

"I'm entirely at your service," said Mr. Hewitt.

They repaired to a corner of the dim-lit and unengaging parlor.

"I—I want to explain to you," said Linda.

He waited courteously.

"That I—I don't want to be misunderstood—"

"Yes?"

"When I—smiled—at you in the car—this evening—"

"Oh—did you smile at me?" he inquired instantly, with every appearance of keen interest.

She looked at him out of her long gray eyes, a little uncertain, a little frightened, then her look steadied bravely.

"I did," she said; "but I don't—that is, I never did before—and I'll be glad if you wouldn't mention it—to anybody here."

"You can trust me," Mr. Hewitt assured her gravely. "Still, you were so displeased when we met on the steps—I'm glad to know you *did* smile at me."

"It was something funny about your tie," said Linda coldly, and left him standing beside the window.

THE little glow succeeding her temporary possession of the whip-hand endured briefly. You can not in any comfort live alongside your sin—witness our old friend a certain Mariner with an albatross upon his chest. Linda had dared an adventure in a moment of silk-stockinged recklessness, but she had not thought to take the adventure home with her. Life assumed all at once a hazardous but oddly not altogether unpleasing aspect.

"Mr. Hewitt seems to be a real nice young man," commented her mother upon the night after his arrival.

"As young men go," said Linda grimly.

"Well—what's he done to you?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Didn't I hear him ask you to go out to a moving picture with him to-night?"

"Yes—but you didn't see me go."

"So I see, Miss Cross-Patch," returned her mother tiredly. "It's a wonder you wouldn't be a little more like other girls and a little less like an old lady. Where'd I ever get such a daughter—a little old lady? Where'd I ever— Why, at your age I had more beaux than you could tie a string to."

This to Linda, with the consequence of that one reckless smile eating into her secret heart!

However, the next time that Mr. Hewitt asked her out, she went,—it was, by the way, the very next night,—and within a moving-picture theater called suavely "The Little Trianon," she drank yet deeper of the heady draught deceit had brewed for her.

"Why wouldn't you come out with me last night?" Mr. Hewitt began. There is no place like a darkened movie house for confidences.

She thought it best not to answer him.

"Don't you like movies—or don't you like *me*?"

"It isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"I don't approve of *you*," said Linda primly.

"Well, upon my word!" said Mr. Hewitt.

He glanced down at the pretty brown head, the slim white throat rising from the collar of one of the shiny new blouses, and smiled broadly. Linda's own smile broke through to meet him.

"I feel terribly wicked going out with you, now."

"Oh, you do?"

"You see, I never thought I'd ever see you again—after I left the car."

A Stenographer's $1 Idea

THE fact is, I began to suspect that I was not eating enough for lunch. Those pangs of hunger that generally assailed me before supper-time could be due to no other reason. But I could not afford to spend more for lunch unless my salary were increased. I realized that I was lucky to hold my job, and did not have the temerity to ask my boss for a raise.

Something had to be done to combat the high cost of living, and the logical solution of the problem of the hour was economy and retrenchment. Certainly I could not cut down on my midday meals.

It was Thursday, my appetite was sharper than ever, and I had only twenty cents in my pocket for lunch.

I ate regularly at a little restaurant around the corner, and as I entered it, the cashier greeted me. I sat down at one of the tables, trying to think of the soldiest food for the smallest price.

I picked up the menu, and, as usual, it was badly printed. I could scarcely read it this time, the ink was so faint. It was a piece of work executed by the manager himself. The restaurant offered special dishes every day, and so could not have its menus printed. They were run off on an old-fashioned mimeograph, the manager writing the original copy in his own handwriting. Several copies were pasted on the window, and the others were distributed among the various tables.

Suddenly I lost all interest in food. I had an idea. I ate my lunch quickly, and then asked for the manager. He came hurrying over, anticipating a complaint.

"These menus are barely legible," I began, scarcely able to restrain my excitement.

"I know they are, madam," he replied nervously; "but, you see, really—"

I cut him short. I didn't want any apologies from him for casting fortune my way.

"Suppose I typewrite them?" I continued. "The customers would appreciate that."

It was his turn to get excited. His eyes beamed with joy.

"Say," he said, "do you want to take this off my hands?"

"Yes," I replied. "What will you pay for it?"

"I'll pay you in lunches. You can eat half a dollar's worth in return for this work."

I readily agreed. Fifty cents' worth of lunch would satisfy my appetite and at the same time my purse would not be affected.

He wanted thirty copies of the menu. It was possible to make five carbons, so that it would have to be written five times on the typewriter. He authorized me to buy the necessary stationery, and paid the bill.

I had to call for the following day's menu every night after I left the office. I rented a typewriter, and did the work at home. The menu was never very long, and I managed to complete the work in half an hour. I passed the store on my way to work, and each morning I left the copies on the cashier's desk.

No one but the manager and the cashier knew of the arrangement, and the waitresses treated me with as much consideration as any other patron.

I kept the work up for almost a year. I was saving fifty cents a day, or $3 a week. In addition I was putting on weight. But I was not content with having merely satisfied my stomach. I kept my eyes open and got a better job out of the neighborhood at a substantial increase. The restaurant manager was tearful when I told him that I had to give up the work; but he congratulated me and said I certainly had improved the looks of that menu.

"Oh, the smile was for me, then?"

"I suppose you think I smile at any man who looks at me," said Linda wistfully.

"But you don't, do you?" begged Mr. Hewitt.

Under cover of the darkness and the green straw hat, he put his hand over hers. She let it be. Little exquisite shivers raced up to her heart from every chilly finger-tip.

"I'm not just any-man-who-looks-at-you—am I?"

"I don't know who you are—nor what you are—nor anything—except," said Linda quaintly, "that you do seem awfully cheeky—"

"But you like it, don't you? Little Miss Maiden Aunt! As for what I am—"

He went briefly into detail, an odd touch of abstraction creeping into his manner.

"An engineer?" repeated Linda. "Not on a *train!*"

"No—little golden goose—in a mine, if at all. Important if true!" He laughed, tightening his fingers on hers. "And I hadn't seen a regular girl nor a regular show in four years, until ten days ago. I'm city-starved. What d'you say if we go to the theater to-morrow night? Can't you dine with me somewhere down-town?"

"Why—I *could*," said Linda uncertainly.

"Don't you want to?" asked Mr. Hewitt.

He had, beyond question, the nicest eyes; also the strength of his fingers was curiously disconcerting.

"Yes—yes, thank you," said Linda. She drew her hand away, fortunately just before the lights went up.

"When she came close to him that evening, he looked at her a moment in silence."

NEXT day, it goes without saying, she bought herself a frock in which to go to the theater—a white Georgette crêpe with tucks. Also she bought herself a separate coat, gray, so as to be successfully worn over the frock with the little green hat; also a pair of white silk stockings and white buckskin slippers. Naturally this occupied all of her lunch-hour, and she got no lunch. Being a perfect thirty-four, she was able to find an instantaneous fit, paid for the things, and had them sent home that afternoon. When she had done a little sum in her head, and realized what now remained of the rainy day fund, she turned pale. But she did not on that account go back to the shop, nor attempt to cancel her purchases.

The machine clicked merrily away from one to six. Her fingers flew untiringly, and her work had never been better.

Once, in an interval between letters to be copied and letters to be signed, she took herself fiercely to task.

"What are you doing it for, if you're going to be sorry? A little old lady—that's what your own mother called you! Haven't you any nerve at all? It's your money, isn't it? You won't be young so very much longer. What if your money will be gone? Suppose that pear tree hadn't the nerve to have flowers because, sooner or later, they'd have to fall off? You're a little fool—you're a little coward—you're a little *joke*, Linda Rowland!"

Then she thought of the man who had called her Little Miss Maiden Aunt, and the color crept up to the wave of her smooth brown hair. She thought about him rather continuously, that day and in the days that followed.

THEY went out to dinner that night in a taxicab, which is exactly the same as to say that a certain well known lady in literature rode to the ball in a fairy coach. Linda did not ride in taxis every day of the week. Afterward they went to the theater, and sat in the Delectable Country of the second row. After that, salad and an ice, in a green-and-golden restaurant gleaming with mirrors. After that, home in another taxi. And after that—dreams!

"I like you in that little white dress," Mr. Hewitt had said. "You look as fresh as a cloud."

Dreams indeed! At the door, when they parted, he told her:

"To-morrow's Saturday—we'll go for a walk in the park. And on Sunday—"

They went for that walk, and on Sunday, at Linda's suggestion, they went to church—down to the old St. Louis Cathedral, drowsing in the sunshine beside Jackson Square. He slipped his hand over hers when she knelt. When the organ thundered out above their heads she felt his fingers tighten. Afterward he bought her a bunch of jonquils from a flower-vender on Canal Street, and she pinned them on the breast of the new gray suit. The sky was as blue as the eyes of hope.

Monday night they went to the movies again; and Tuesday once more to the theater; Wednesday they walked up the Avenue after dinner—walked miles and miles in a shadow-peopled world, and talked; and Thursday—

Thursday morning he waylaid her at the door as she was going forth to work, and said hurriedly, even a little curtly:

"Save me to-night—will you? Can't we go to dinner down-town? Just had a wire—I've got to go back to-morrow."

Not many dreams have found a death-warrant briefer than that.

"Why—yes; all right," said Linda.

She didn't even say she was sorry—something so vastly bigger than sorrow had her by the throat.

Anyhow, she went on down to work. A little playful wind blew her a petal from the pear tree, like a kiss, as she passed it. Already, you see, the petals were going. And the sky was not so blue that day—a touch of humidity in the atmosphere, perhaps.

Linda worked until noon. At twelve she went to the bank and drew out what remained of her money. Her lips, when she signed the check, were set in a grim pink line.

"That closes your account, you know," said the friendly young man behind the grill.

"Yes," said Linda strangely husky. "I see it does."

You know why she did it, of course? Her swan-song! Her little all, flung on to the sacrificial fire! Linda's tribute to Life, the Conqueror!

When she came down to Hewitt that night at seven o'clock, he looked at her a moment in silence.

"Another dress?" he asked at length.

"And a new hat." Her eyes inquired wistfully: "Do you like it?"

"Such a little queen!" he said whimsically. He opened the door, and they went out into the chill spring night together.

Because it was growing a little late, the restaurant at which they dined was none too full. Mr. Hewitt ordered with discrimination, but Linda only played with the food the fat old French waiter set before her. They talked—of what do you talk when the world is crumbling into ashes beneath your tired little feet? At last, with black coffee and crackers and cheese, the waiter left them in peace.

"Thank the Lord!" said Mr. Hewitt.

HE leaned his elbows on the table, knit his strong, lean fingers together, and looked at Linda.

"I've been waiting all day for this."

Linda said nothing at all. Men came and went—she knew, having heard often enough of the disconsolure of other girls. At least, now, no one should know. She inquired in a careful little voice:

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

"Out West?"

"To the mine. I was trying to get backing for it. I've about succeeded—and I'm needed there—"

"We'll be sorry to see you go," said Linda.

"Say that as if you meant it," said Mr. Hewitt.

"We've enjoyed knowing you—"

"Not really!" He touched her fingers audaciously across the table. "Is that the best good-by you've got for me?"

The old light took and laugh!

"That's all it means to him," said the unsteady drumming in Linda's breast. She smiled above it, an amazingly gallant smile.

"I don't like good-bys."

"No more do I," he agreed. "Let's not say any, then."

She waved away from that.

"Oh, when a person's got to go—I'd rather say it than not—wouldn't you?"

"Listen to me," said Mr. Hewitt. "I've got something to tell you. We can say good-by after that, if you like. Are you listening, Miss Linda?"

"Go on," said Linda. She shut her hands together tight beneath the table. She had grown a little pale.

"Well," said Mr. Hewitt, "here it is! I came to this town a little over two weeks ago on business—as I told you, for the mine owners. First morning I went down-town—I was staying with a chap on Louisiana Avenue—you got on the car. I thought you'd break your little neck looking back out of the window at something on your corner. Remember that morning?"

"It was a pear tree," said Linda—"in bloom." She drew a long breath.

"I know—I looked back to see. Some pear tree, too! You got on my ear every morning after that. That is—I got on *your* car. Any girl that could look like a hungry dryad over a flowering tree! Inside the next ten days I found out where you lived, by scouting around—learned that your mother took boarders—and moved in. Linda, you blossomed into a little beauty in those ten days, right under my eyes. What did it?"

"Clothes," said Linda faintly.

"*What?*"

SO Linda told him, with the color flaming in her cheeks and her eyes burning, about the day she had bought the green hat, and the facile descent to Averaus. She did not once credit the pear tree, not knowing the pear tree's part in the matter.

"If a rainy day comes now, I'll drown," said Linda; and finished, like Jenny Pearl, "Who cares!"

Then she remembered that he was going away, and sudden tears ached against her eyelids.

"Do we say good-by now?" asked Mr. Hewitt very low. "We do not! We believe in fate. Look at me, little Miss Pear-Blossom! To-morrow—I want you—to marry me—"

"Oh, I couldn't!" cried Linda, just above a frightened whisper. "It's too soon—and I haven't any—"

"Haven't you just been getting yourself a trousseau?" he suggested gently. "What do you think all this has been about? Believe me, I'm not going back alone—and to-morrow is another day—"

Then he beckoned the waiter and paid him. Outside was a taxi.

"Drive uptown and through the park," said Hewitt.

They passed under purple and silver arc-lights and through a world of undoubted enchantment, but he did not kiss her until the live-oak shadows dappled their fairy coach.

Then ardently he stooped, and, flushed from brow to chin, she lifted her lips.

Shameless Linda! Little sister to the pear tree!

Outside the chauffeur glanced at the meter ticking beside him, and laughed to himself.

"Geel" said the heartless chauffeur. "Spring has came!"

"'No one can hear you or help you. You are alone—with me!' 'Ah!' It was a toneless shriek. 'Look at me!' the hollow voice went on. 'You know me. What is my name?'"

The Other Brown

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock

"I DON'T think there is danger of her fainting now."

As she spoke, Bianca Gil set aside the glass and spoon and the bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia which she had just brought from the bedroom of Mrs. Martinez. "And I think the light is about as you want it," she added to Scarborough. "All out except a table-lamp with a green shade."

"That sounds all right," he answered. "Just enough for her to see Mr. Brown, but not to see him distinctly."

He turned to the young man.

"Ready?" he asked.

The latter nodded. He ran his fingers through his thick blond hair.

"I must have looked pretty wild that night," he explained.

Scarborough regarded him critically.

"You've got all the points well in hand, now—all the questions? You won't forget anything?" he asked, in the anxious tone of a stage director to an untried actor intrusted at the eleventh hour with an important rôle.

"Forget!" Brown stared at Tim with an odd smile, his mouth hard, his blue eyes glittering. "Forget? With all that depends on it!"

"All right, then," said Tim.

Mrs. Gil led the way from the small room, where they were alone, through the hall to a larger apartment in which half a dozen people sat waiting in tense silence.

Tiptoeing in, the new-comers paused a moment for a glance about. Then Scarborough crossed noiselessly to the door leading into the next room, and turned the knob with extreme care to make no sound. Brown stood ready beside him, while Bianca Gil waited near the hall door, her fingers on the electric switch.

AT a nod from Scarborough her hand moved, and the room turned black until, as Tim slowly swung back the door, the wan green light from the adjoining room entered it. And now, as Brown lingered beside the door, the watchers could see the gray head of Mrs. Martinez sunk to its pillow; then Brown's tall, shadowy form hid it from them as he crossed the threshold and stole over to the foot of the bed. There, for a taut minute, he waited. It was evident that the old woman's eyes were closed—that she had neither seen nor heard him. Suddenly he spoke:

"Juana Martinez—wake up!"

At the summons, uttered in a low, sepulchral voice, a shiver ran through the group in the room beyond, even before there followed almost instantly a shaking scream from the bed. Stepping back quickly, Brown waited again, while the old housekeeper continued to give out short gasping cries, and her hand, shaking as from palsy, made the sign of the cross.

"Silence! No one can hear you or help you. You are alone—with me!"

"Ah!" It was a toneless shriek, stifled immediately.

"Look at me!" the low, hollow voice went on. "You know me. What is my name?"

Juana Martinez stared out in terror, but she did not speak.

"Answer!"

But the command had to be repeated several times before the woman could obey. Inarticulate sounds came from her, but she seemed incapable of forming words. At last, however, intelligible even to the more distant listeners, was heard the name:

"Señor McRae."

"When did you see me last?"

"Three nights ago—when you killed the señor."

"And why did I kill him?"

A tense hush. From without came the distant night noises of the city; but in the room there was no sound except the brushing of Mrs. Martinez's trembling hand against her night-dress as she spasmodically crossed herself.

"It was for what he did to you," she answered at last, with a frightened gulp.

"And what was that?"

Again a silence.

BROWN took a step nearer the bed. At his approach she recoiled with a cry. He halted.

"If you wish to live, answer," he said sternly.

She clasped her shaking hands.

"Let me live—let me live!" she begged.

"I will answer—I will speak."

"Then speak; I am waiting. What happened that night in London when Luis Venaga was killed?"

"You don't know—now?" She emphasized the last word strangely.

Brown hesitated—then:

"No. But if you lie to me I shall know it—now."

"I will not lie," she promised hoarsely. "I will tell you everything."

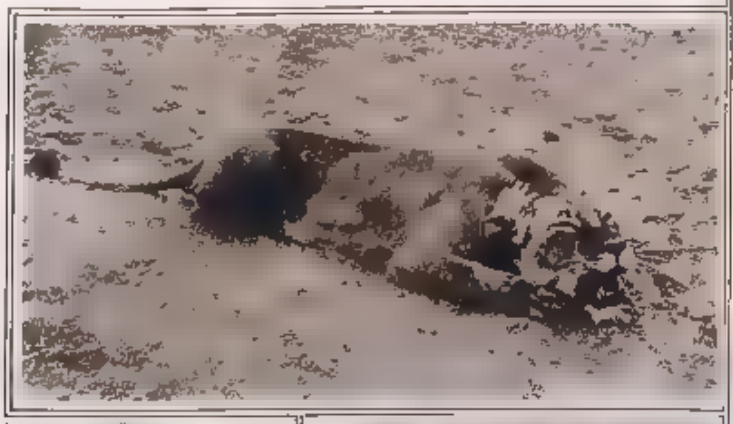
In the cold light from the green-shaded lamp, her heavy face was livid, and her gray hair, hanging disorderedly about, gave her, to those watching from the next room, a forbidding, witchlike appearance.

"You were asleep," she began in a fal-

Continued on page 15

"The Other Brown" begins in this issue of Telegram &

BRIGHTER DAYS FOR LIONS



Photograph from Ewing Galloway

CONSIDER the poor lions left roaming in the wilderness, with no place to go but the desert on one side or the other side of the mountain, avoided by gazelles and every other gentle and tender animal. To the jungle conditions are terrible. Now a lion—according to Frank Bostock, the great animal-trainer—needs regular meals, plenty of sleep, baths, and exercise.

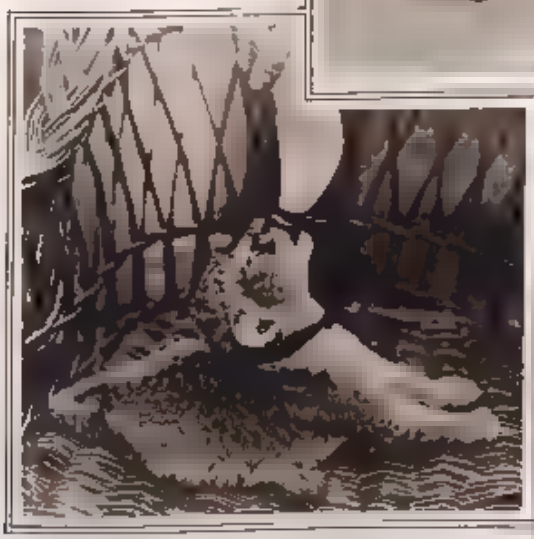
© International Film Service

TO the jungle lion with his acute dread of lion, compare these fortunate cubs who were born in captivity and are worth $200 apiece to Miss Rita Gilmore. They know the advantages of steam heat, hot and cold water, grade A milk and a sleeping-parch. They enjoy the protection of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Miss Gilmore reads to these cubs every night before they go to bed. That's what the press-agent said.

"WILD animals need a change of scene," said Frank Bostock another time. "And they take a keen interest in traveling. 'King George,' in the picture, is apt to be restless in the morning. Jump as he does in the window-seat with his furry stomach exposed to shafts of sunlight. In his leonine way he is as returnable to exercise as is a banker after Sunday dinner. Nevertheless every afternoon at tea-time he is taken out to stride on Fifth Avenue. It's for his own good—for the sake of a long mane and a shirk beard and a deep roar.

Selig Film

THIS isn't a lion, but a cultivated leopard—which probably flashed through your mind when you saw the picture. He also is cashing in the brighter days movement. He is the constant care and worry of Miss Vivian Reed, especially at night when she dreams I know just where he is and feels that perhaps he hasn't had enough to eat. The only unpleasant thing in this leopard's life is pretending to be a hunted and harassed animal before the camera, while all the time he is the smoothest best-natured, sleekest cat in America.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

HERE is one of the most carefully tended lions in the country. He has barley water and milk out of a special bottle every morning at 9.15. He is bathed once a week, and his big meal is of three tablespoonfuls of lean scraped meat. If only our rather vicious kitten were as gentle as a working lion!

YOUR natural exclamation at this picture is: "For heaven's sakes! How did that thing get in?" Every one has heard of "a nigger in the woodpile" and "a skeleton in the closet." Well, this is a lion in the bath-room. The first thing that a successful moving-picture actress buys is a phonograph, then an Oriental rug, then an antique bedroom set, then a country home (seven rooms and ten baths), and then a lion. Of course, the lady's fear at mere registration for the sake of the camera. She made that lion what he is to-day.

Triangle-Gillett

KIND WORDS FOR

AS you hover over the news-stand after having bought your Every Week, the thought may have struck you: why not give the other magazines a chance? We now step forward with a kind [illegible] accurate word for each of our contemporaries. In Vogue, as nowhere else, the searchlight may be seen playing [illegible] [illegible] of the rich. For example, we learn that [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Randolph [illegible] Marjorie [illegible] personally supervises the redecoration of her boudoir with tapestries depicting the exploits of her [illegible] great ancestor, Captain Kidd.

IN St. Nicholas one may learn how [illegible] Phelps and [illegible] band of young [illegible] rescued a [illegible] who was [illegible] alive and so made good [illegible]. The boy [illegible] even brought one to her [illegible] president of one of the [illegible] again, how Betty went to boarding-school, [illegible] that the other girls tossed their heads and giggled at the hang of her home-made ginghams; and how, when the fire broke out where the gigglers were having a midnight fudge party, it was Betty who thought up the clever idea of putting out the flames by means of [illegible] of water.

READ [illegible] The [illegible] mon [illegible] Sex. [illegible] strategy [illegible] vent, she would [illegible] cheaper brands of [illegible] in the house. Even [illegible] she left her [illegible] hurried away to take [illegible] the unlimited perfume[illegible] at eighteen with [illegible] eyes, her [illegible] veined skin, and [illegible] what wonder that [illegible] author [illegible] married to the wrong [illegible]

IN [illegible] you will find a pictorial representation of the whole of our army and navy, [illegible] in [illegible] week by week, our [illegible] defenses, our aeroplanes, and detailed plans [illegible] be [illegible] our [illegible]. [illegible] returns [illegible] after [illegible] of the enemy. [illegible] as the [illegible] for [illegible] more money and shorter hours for employers, longer hours and less money for employees, [illegible] democratic [illegible] the ruling [illegible]

[illegible]

MOST reliable of all magazines [illegible] with its unfailing [illegible] ries, by Frances X. [illegible] "The Pale Blue Pajamas" [illegible] issue do not [illegible] containing "The Pink Pajamas" [illegible] and place your order now [illegible] month's copy, in which [illegible] promised thrills, laughter [illegible] a flock of [illegible] in "The [illegible] jamas, Black and Silver."

[illegible]

TWO publications in this country still believe that the American people are interested in politics: the [illegible] Journal and Collier's. [illegible] the burning speech delivered by [illegible] to the Senate [illegible] the [illegible] the Weather Bureau which caused [illegible] of July [illegible] the people [illegible] voting for Wilson, after being warned by Collier's [illegible] staff [illegible] Harkness, [illegible] the [illegible] weekly.

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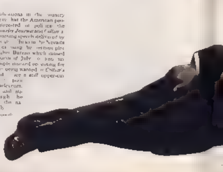
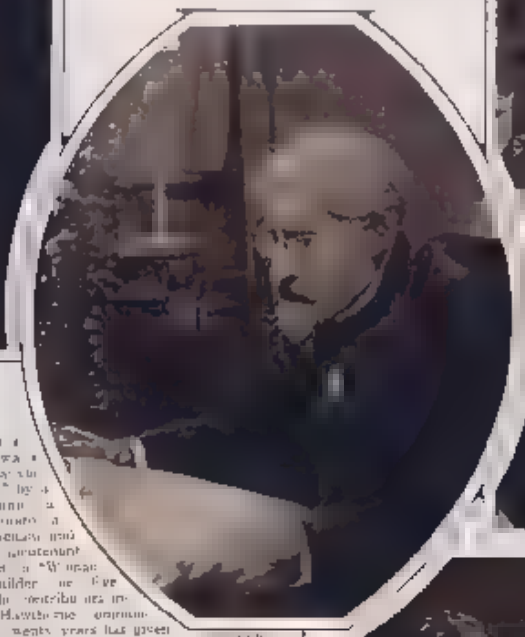


OUR COMPETITORS

WHO does not love the long lines of the old square piano, and who has not had her sensibilities pierced by the sight of the ugly old nighthawk minus? Many young wives long to brighten their homes, but hesitate before the outlay involved. Our Home-Way Service expert over the *Ladies Home Journal* gives the following suggestion: disconnect the range and place it on the windshield; telephone to the plain scene and have a piano sent up at once. Place it on the spot formerly occupied by the range. Besides leaving time to be while house, this plan will result in the family gradually outgrowing the bad habit of coming home to meals and so lower the cost of l

Method [illegible] Corporation



THE A [illegible] Monthly a war [illegible] magazines [illegible] as War War" by a French [illegible] a German [illegible] a Portuguese [illegible] and a Scandinavian [illegible] are here essays a "Woman the Empire Builder" by Eve Mudgeon. The [illegible] include Eleanor Hawke the [illegible] wealth, who for [illegible] years has given both of the Atlantic readers glimpses into the [illegible] has [illegible] among the curios of the style New England [illegible] and who now delight a them with a [illegible] intensive analysis of Pollyanna

ARE you sleepy in the morning when the milkmen begin singing at the pumps? Do you experience a faint dread at the thought of breaking the [illegible] morning oath? Do you prefer [illegible] with your new [illegible] an interesting lecture All [illegible] know [illegible] the latest [illegible] Believe? Read the [illegible] young man and [illegible] your lunch hour [illegible] utes. On these [illegible] spend a [illegible] deep reading. [illegible] king a [illegible] of the [illegible] on Wall Street [illegible] ing the speculators [illegible] writing to [illegible] another [illegible] figuring out how [illegible] make one [illegible] transfer [illegible] for [illegible] here's [illegible] also the [illegible] reminder [illegible] Pletcherizing whole-wheat graham-nut gems

[illegible]

WHAT better recommend can we hand [illegible] patron of shirkers the Master than to assure you that you probably will be able to find it on the news-stand, [illegible] its having been suppressed. It is always being suppressed for revolutionary utterances such as "The Munitions Makers were [illegible] to you," for [illegible] ly [illegible] pending the [illegible] of the Onion Trust who [illegible] their retainers at a $500 [illegible] a-plate dinner. [illegible] be people can [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] them pay [illegible] who [illegible] a

[illegible]

MILLIONAIRES FOR A DAY

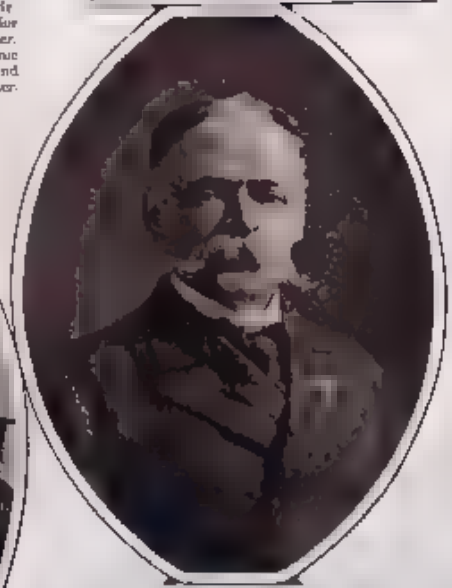
ONCE in a lifetime to spend a million dollars in a year; once in an up the barber a ten-dollar gold piece once to light a cigar with a bank-note—after such a debauch we can die contented in the shade of the old almshouse. In the early development of the West many men found sudden fortune. But few of these get-rich-quick triumphs lasted long. When Louis Sloss found his millions in the Alaska Commercial Company, the Slosses owned seven automobiles. But in a few years the sheriff had the last of the motors and even Sloss had only the memory of his wealth.

LAST year Patrick Calhoun's financial status was $0. Only a short time ago this man at the height of his career subscribed $3,000,000 for stock in the Solano Irrigated Farms. But great organizer and shrewd financier as he was, he could not withstand the storm of San Francisco graft investigations centered upon him, brightened as a public frenzy by the shooting of Francis Heney, prosecuting lawyer. They stripped Patrick not only of his fortune, but even [illegible]

W[illegible] Scotty [illegible] Santa Fe special [illegible] Chicago, scattering gold pieces from the rear platform and playing on his newspapers with gilded [illegible]. You wouldn't suspect it [illegible] to-day he is broke. In the old times Scotty drove mysterious [illegible] away at intervals, always returning with sacks of gold from the Death Valley Mine, a mine no other human being ever discovered. Now the mine apparently abandoned, in a black felt Stetson, a blue shirt and a long black overcoat, Scotty [illegible] in the sun of San Bernardino, picking up small change in the moving pictures.

IN 1904 A. O. Brown has a job as house manager in a New York theater. "I can write a passed now if I can't write a check," he said. Two years before this A. O. Brown on a check meant the outlay of a big Wall Street firm with offices in the Flats on Broad Street and Exchange Place. Then Mr. Brown made effort to spend $75,000 remodeling the interior of his house, and present his fiancée, Edna Wallace Hopper, with the best of motor-cars. In 1904 his firm failed in a game involving a record sale of a million shares in two hours. And Mr. Brown thanked W. A. Brady for a job in his theater.

"BUTCH" McDEVITT belonged to the millionaire class for one day only—when he spent $3000 in twenty-four hours. "During the year 1910," he writes, "I spoke in seven churches, attended sixty-two banquets, was met on three occasions by brass bands, and had seven proposals of marriage. I was dead broke seven times—once for five days in succession. I announced myself as candidate for President and spoke in nine States and fifty-three cities. I presented my statue to Atlantic City. I had it returned, very much mutilated."



JOHN EDWARD O'[illegible] A[illegible]CKS, [illegible] master millionaire for a day, after living at the Waldorf after casually checking $ 00,000 in the coat-room and presenting a cabby with a sealskin overcoat, was finally found in a Hoboken flat, with an unpaid gas bill for $14.84. "Let us see" the invention of water gas, he said it to the Standard Oil for $30,000. With this for a starter he began a spectacular manipulation of gas companies, clearing $7,000,000 in one trip to Boston. In 1914 came his downfall—with one charge against him of $4,000,000.

The Other Brown

Continued from page 10

quarter upon twenty years with not easily told. "They quarrelled. Señor Luis and

Speak louder," ordered Brown. "Why did Young and Welles-Hewitt quarrel?"

It was about you and the mine. Señor Luis had given much money from you by the cards, and you had given to him a paper for the mine. But that night you brought money to buy back and he took the money and gave you another paper that said the mine was yours again. It was for that they quarrelled because the señor wanted the mine. He had brought you the first time to Señor Luis to play and when you lost, a half was his. So it was always when he brought people to play. And he wanted the mine, the Rosaba. It was worth more than the money, he said. And he went to the sofa where you were asleep, and took the paper out of your pocket and gave it to the señora."

She stopped and drew a deep breath, as if the recital cost her intense effort.

"She was in love with Welles-Hewitt and not her husband, and that was

"Yes—it is an

labored breath. "She wanted to get paper and put the money in its place. But the señor said he could keep the also. He will not know, he said. When he wakes up he will no

And then Señor Luis was very angry. "I am a Spanish gentleman, not an English thief like you," he said. And then—"

Go on," urged Brown, entirely forgetting the part he was tell you," she

Remained and, resuming her awesome one said a

"The señor

only time he was angry. He came there—your cane—and Señor Luis fell and he was dead.

The old woman bent her head.

"Were you there?

"I came in when the señora screamed. I was listening at the door to the quarrel. We did not know what to do. Then the señor took the paper for the mine from the señora, and gave it to me. Go and burn that—quick,' he said. And I went away.

"When the police called me I came and you were awake. They could smell the whisky you had drunk, and you did not remember anything.

"And then they took me," said Brown in a hollow voice.

The woman shivered and covered her face.

"Why did you not speak? Why did you swear you had seen and heard nothing."

For her the señora. Justin Marshall's hands went out in a gesture of appeal. "She was my daughter. You did not know that—no one knew except Señor Luis. He believed, like everybody that I was her servant. You see, he was a gentleman and we were of the people. She had a pretend. But I could not, and I wanted to stay with her. She was a lady and ashamed of me."

"And that paper? Why didn't you burn it as you were told?"

"I was afraid," she whispered.

"But afterwards!"

"It was the señor—I did not trust him. I was afraid he would sell the mine and run away with the money and leave me and the child to starve. The paper he did not dare to sell the mine."

"Where is it now?"

She slipped her hands and drew out a small package attached to a bolt. Brown snatched it from her, stepped back to the lamp, unfastened the worn oilcloth wrapping, and took out the paper it contained.

As the brothers stood together for a moment the contrast between them marked. Alike in physique and col-

married family resemblance, they were at a second glance easily differentiated. Fred was shorter and more narrowly built and there was a keenness about his face a sharpness of nose and chin that made him less handsome than his elder brother. That they were funny unlike in temperament had different ideals and ambition was plain to any eye able to read the signs.

At that moment there were on their several pairs of compelling eyes—Redding's and Scarborough's, Lars Johansen's and Dr. Tierney's—though no doctor probably gave no thought whatever to the matter, for he went at once to look after Mrs. Martino. And, indeed, the two brothers remained together only a few seconds. Fred turned to his wife, the sister Amélie, and Eric's glance sought Adèle.

But she was not there. "She slipped went on." Valois in Gil explained, "If you will wait, Mrs. Gil will speak to her."

Eric nodded. "Thanks. I will," he said and sat

Alone then he waited impatiently for his business to appear. He knew what Adèle must be suffering, how black the worry looked to her and a long time to him when he had first heard how his father in old would console her. The

In the

keeping livion of sleep, fever

"It is the must bear responsibility for the terrible silence

"Dear lady he doctor answered could have borne the burden."

Yes, Justin must stand answer for all of us."

Then mindful of her guests, she left the

personage her. If only I

"Of I

known I should not have thought

She and All white and

said daily. "But, no matter how he feels, I could never for

And when Eric a sudden move to leave her when they reached door of the room

begged, and

But Eric in the girl's side

had one about it. Just y know how things would have told you this morning that I had. But I didn't

from me was horrible horrible to me, if.

"And

"When I think that my mother let

The Only Girl Who Commanded a Nation's Armies

A SIMPLE girl of sixteen played one very important little role in her village. The next year

of all the troops France she led them in triumph to victory

Great dukes bowed before this girl who could not read. Sanguinary men who had cursed and drunk and murdered all their days followed her meekly.

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MARK TWAIN

To us, whose chuckles had turned to tears of pathos at "Huckleberry Finn" who felt the cutting edge of [illegible] who saw [illegible] "Joan of Arc" uncovers

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HARPER & BROTHERS
[illegible]
NEW YORK

Name

an innocent man die, when she knew he was innocent—

"Don't think of it—don't! We'll never speak or think of it as long as we live."

"I shall never forget it."

"But you will! I'll make you forget [illegible] appealingly to Blanca. "This morning when she believed that my father had killed hers, she came to tell me that it made no difference in her feeling for me."

"But this is different!" Alba said. "A man may kill another in an instant of madness—that doesn't prove that he was a bad man. But when people lie day after day and see an innocent man die because of their lies, they are bad and wicked and horrible. And my mother—"

"No, Anna, no. Your mother never did this." It was Blanca Gil who spoke.

"Listen, child. I have something to tell you—something I meant to tell you later. But wait—there's some one else who must hear."

And, without pausing to explain, Blanca ran into the hall and down the steps. A minute later she was returning with Lars Johansen. Stopping outside the door, she beckoned significantly toward the two young people.

"I promised you a granddaughter," Blanca whispered. "But I think I shall also be giving you a grandson."

"You don't mean her. And him?"

"Would you like it?"

"Make me believe it," he begged.

SUE made them believe it, for her short, simple story carried [illegible] written the confirm[illegible] later by Dr Tierney. Alba's mother, she had died a few days after her child's [illegible] in Mrs. Grassi's boarding-house. The father, Carl Johansen—known as Charles Johnson—was away at the time, and it seemed uncertain that he would [illegible] come back. Nothing was known of his people, and his wife had no family so it had looked as if the baby would have to be sent to an orphanage. Naturally, then, when the doctor told her he knew of some rich people who would take it and bring it up as their own, on condition that no one should ever know she [illegible] And she would [illegible] followed the doctor when he came away. It was not, however, until long afterward that she came to understand that Mrs. Yznaga had wanted the child to inherit half the Rosalia mine and so prevent its passing to distant relatives of her husband.

To Anna the story brought a relief and joy that were almost too poig[illegible] it meant to her release, not only [illegible] horror that had put [illegible] from her whole past h[illegible] pain a world, returned [illegible] without any sense of reality. Si[illegible] she laughed and cried all together.

"We must give her time to find herself," said Lars Johansen to Blanca, when they were alone again. "To-night she has room in her heart for no—I am not even real to her. But I can wait.

[illegible]

"Please don't," Lars Johansen interposed kindly. "I think I understand."

He was trying then to buy the mine for a client, and was afraid that the truth might come out sometime and he would be involved. And—well, it was a temptation. We are not rich. With his knowledge of the facts he was able to force a sale from [illegible] me a service. Let's think of that, and of what I can do to repay you."

"How long you are!" exclaimed Blanca gratefully. "But there is one thing you can do. I have my husband back. He's all I want."

The tragic story of Roderick McRae which Redding and Scarborough had heard that afternoon, was repeated when all were again assembled downstairs in the drawing-room. The explanation of the [illegible] in Mrs. Martinez's bedroom, which [illegible] Fred McRae, as he was henceforth to be known.

"In order to explain fully why I entered the Welles-Hewitt house as I [illegible] said as preface, "I shall have to tell you first something about my father and my grandfather."

The grandfather McRae had been a man of an original [illegible] when his efforts to make a fortune by the venture and his attempts at discovering a roulette system, he was seen at the end of a substantial inheritance. It was at this financial ebb that the family appeared in Spitzen. McRae's periods of seclusion had been for the purpose of working out, not an invention, as his wife had asserted, but a system. And the extreme privacy was forced on him by her dreams of ultimate [illegible] their young son. Roderick should not see the wheel.

When an access of funds or another cause took the McRaes from Spitzen at the end of two years, Fred could not say. And of the eight or nine years following he knew little. His grandfather had succeeded, finally, with one of his inventions, an instrument for a drilling-machine, and from this had drawn considerable royalties, the larger portion of which had gone the way of all the money that had ever come into his hands. Dying when his son was twenty-two, the old man had already [illegible] dead, he had left to him the royalties and an intense abhorrence for all forms of gambling.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD, you remember, is the serial story, "The Girl Beyond the Trail." Mr. Curwood is the literary landlord of all the territory north and west of Saskatoon. Nobody but he could have written "The Fiddling Man," the novelette which we publish complete next week.

Finding himself alone in the world without any near relatives that he knew of and [illegible] without even the ties of [illegible] and even that he did not recognize for what it was, so disguised was it by the glamour of adventure.

Then it was that he had encountered young Johansen,—thought of the shooting and its consequences. Fred had never heard [illegible] Johansen the technical knowledge [illegible] Roderick M[illegible] his claim [illegible] position in London, and settled down with his wife and baby.

[illegible] himself quite suddenly as it seemed to him playing cards with several men whom he was sure he had never seen until this moment. He thought he must be dreaming, and sat still, staring about him silently. Then the arrival of a servant with a tray full of drinks brought him a realization that he was awake and [illegible] years before, when in London with his father, he had followed the latter to a gambling place and tried to dissuade him from entering, and this man had thrust him from the house door. And now he was in that house, gambling and drinking.

In horror he dropped his cards and sprang up. How had he come to such a place? Not of his own volition, surely. Something had happened to him! Ah—he remembered, he had been on his way to his office, had just turned a certain corner, passed a certain building, and that was only a minute ago—only a minute. But now he noticed that the men at the table were staring at him in amazement, and one of them had jumped up and was asking him anxiously what was the matter. [illegible] he muttered. "I think I had better go home."

"Rights," he heard somebody answer. "I'll send Simmons with you. You're as white as death. Simmons, get a cab."

[illegible] developed then that there was a score to be settled. McRae had been [illegible] and not a considerable sum, [illegible] more than he had with him. Not [illegible] to question his companions' statement, he wrote a check and went home.

THE memory of that last day was never recovered. If any of his companions saw him during those twelve hours of forgetfulness, Roderick McRae [illegible] nothing of it. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] why distress his wife with the matter? The thing would probably never happen again.

The thing did happen again—and [illegible] times. Yet he never told any one. If he [illegible] more money gambling than he could afford, that was all.

Unfortunately it was not all, however. As was bound to happen, he was [illegible] times seen at these "off" times by old acquaintances. Some of them hardly recognized him, so changed was he in manner and speech, and he never recognized [illegible] was rumored that he was drunk[illegible] gambling, and, in short, going to the dogs. A hint of this from his employers caused him to resign his position, for fear of being discharged. Still he took no one into his confidence. Better to fall to an thought dissolve than dismantled.

The possibility of being declared insane and become a horror to him—as the more [illegible] he was convinced that he was not. His trouble was that he had a second self; but that self was as sane as he first. He [illegible] the second self. They never thought him irrational. He was different to be sure—liked different people and different things and had other motives and ideals than his normal ones. But all that was nothing to be locked up for, to lose wife and child and home for.

His meeting with Welles-Hewitt occurred early in the career of the new [illegible] and [illegible] on it was there that Rod[illegible] [illegible] would gladly went whenever his normal self was in abeyance. Mrs. Yznaga was a lively woman of a handsome Spanish type, and McRae found her agreeable as his changed taste [illegible] against interest in her he expressly denied in the tragic document from which most of the facts of his son's narrative were [illegible]

[illegible] her or not the Yznaga household [illegible] McRae could not tell. He had several times, after playing late and drinking heavily, thrown himself [illegible] a divan and gone to sleep and Yznaga had left him there, thinking it unwise, probably, to turn him out of the house in such a condition. And the next morning on awakening his normal self, as he always did, McRae had found it very difficult [illegible] to betray his ignorance of the events of the evening before. He thought that if the Yznagas and Welles-Hewitt [illegible] understand they [illegible] the change in him, but if they suspected the truth they gave no hint.

Of the killing of Yznaga, Roderick McRae remembered nothing whatever. He knew only that he had suddenly found himself looking down at the Spaniard's body on the floor at his feet. On one side of him was Mrs. Yznaga, on the other Welles-Hewitt, holding his arms to restrain him; and in his right hand he saw a heavy walking-stick that he often [illegible]

"My God!" he had exclaimed. "What have I done?"

At his trial, he could deny nothing that was testified against him by Welles-Hewitt and Mrs. Yznaga. It was true, perhaps, that he had quarreled with Yznaga because of the latter's refusal to let him redeem the claim to the Rosalia mine, which he had signed over in payment of gambling losses. He knew that he had signed over the mine, even had Mrs. Yznaga not had a paper with his signature as proof. He had given Yznaga the paper at his last visit six weeks before, [illegible] on discovering the fact the next day had been extremely worried by it. For it had been his intention to start soon for Mexico to make arrangements for the development of his property there.

The Rosalia had been his one hope of rebuilding his fortunes. To lose it was to lose all, and if Yznaga had refused to let him pay what was owing and redeem [illegible] there must certainly have been trouble between them. That the ill feeling was increased by the Spaniard's jealousy of his attentions to his wife, McRae also could not deny.

In desperation he tried to tell his lawyer of his strange changes of personality. [illegible] periods of forgetfulness and the man and him short.

"You're not in America now, Mr. [illegible] you're in England," he said. "[illegible] is a good plan in New York but [illegible] help you here. [illegible]

BUT the night before his execution McRae's second personality appeared. Learning from his keeper of the peril in which he stood, he had written a frantic letter to his wife, telling her of all that he now remembered. So was sure he had not killed Yznaga, though he could not say who had. Mrs. Yznaga and Welles-Hewitt had lied about him. It was of Welles-Hewitt's attentions to his wife that the Spaniard had been jealous, not of him. And he had not quarreled with [illegible] return for [illegible] any one time, and this dead McRae remembered putting in his pocket.

They had played after that, and he had grown sleepy, as often happened when the second personality was about to subside. He had sat down on a divan and must have slept, for he recalled nothing [illegible] that. How he suddenly happened to be standing over the dead body of Yznaga he could only guess. Evidently another's guilt had been put on him.

He implored his wife to go to the

"But," said the railroad president to the government auditor, "haven't you forgotten something?"

THE auditor, representing the United States Government had been making a valuation of the entire railway system.

He had figured the cost of replacing its tracks, the value of its engines and cars and terminals, the value of its franchises and rights of way and good will.

He gathered the figures together and laid them on the railway president's desk.

But," said the president, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"I think not," the auditor answered.

"How about our employees?" the president asked. "Have you valued them?"

The auditor was nettled. "Of course not," he replied, "why should I?"

"We have been more than sixty years in building that force," the president responded, "We should have to spend millions of dollars to replace it. Our employees are the most valuable asset we have."

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BARCUDA DIAMONDS

"I think a
second flight of stairs a d
Mrs. Marlow

"But it was your story of your
father that gave me the idea," returned
Tim.

ome Ones
never have
proved their right to the Rosaba

ners with the Mexican Mines Company
he said. "They acted in good faith and
must be compensated. I will attend t
this in payment of the debt I
all those years to Roderick McRae's
heirs."

"That is too generous of you, Mr. Johnson," protested Eric McRae, speaking
We could not accept so

we can pay back. That's our
vindication. And for it I feel we

AS he ended Eric's voice was a little
husky. There could be no doubt of
the deep sincerity of his words, and hi

beyond thanks or the pound
adequate return. They understood, too

school
"Which shows that
him than he di

I didn't believe you guilty for a mo
Fred," Eric protested. "But I
thought you had some strong reason for
running away as you did, and I wanted
to give you every chance. And w
made the mistake of thinking
were my second personality the easiest
way to shield you was to let him go

Tim. "But there's

r when Dozy stopped
How did you happen to have a key?"
That was the thing that misled Doro
ned gave me the key. He had it
made for me when he 'ad
Mrs. Malone's

n, trying to find people from whom
ed to get data to prove the claim
that his personality did actually change
In Spitzen I had got the name and addre

on I arrived I

coming down the
to see me if I
Then, when I fail
interested that

So you had an ac
lured you," said Redding.
When I arr
his coat I smiled Fred up a bit and I
I that he and his wife had gone
away suddenly and left no address
Thinking a find Fred at Mrs. Malone's
I went
"And those papers you gave to Dozy?"
Tim asked.
boy were private papers that would

my I did!" exclaimed the
"And I was in terror
thing me and finding
visited me
the spot. But I couldn't destroy them
because I knew they might be needed

He turned to indicate his young wif
near by. Chic and pretty and
unclouded, she was very unlike the
frightened maid Scarborough remem-
vividly

ughs, for the volatile Fr
The conversation now became general
and shortly afterward Redding and Scar-
gh rose to go. It was then that
ric Brown seized an opportunity to get
Tim alone for a minute in the hall.
"I wish there were something I could
do to repay Cullop for what he did for
he said

yes. "The answer was so
boy both laughed.
great. That's fine," declared
Tim, gripping his companion's hand.
"And of course I'll leave Cullop for hous
if you really think he'd like it," said

"I was only joking about that."
"I was just trying to find
out—well, what I did find out. Still on
the job, you see. But as for the kid liking
d like nothing better. He'd lo
o death."
chuckle
he only something

just as pleased as you can be at the way
things have turned out. And don't imagin
thing out of it, too.
It's put me in touch with the District A
torney and that will help a lot. Oh

echoed the word daugh
you think it could have be
just luck?"
"Well, I call it l
don't know what w

"COWARDS die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once." The average man is not a coward; but he does waste a tremendous amount of energy in worry, doubt, and fear. Next week H. Addington Bruce writes of "What Trivial Troubles Can Do to Us," calculated to stimulate the good, old-fashioned virtue of self-reliance.

Her Own Business

—Continued from page 3

"So you would sit there and see Miss
through the

"She gave me no choice in the matter
more than she did you," was the quiet
reply. "I'm sorry this happened, Mr.
Rouss, but I don't feel re

"No; you're not responsible. No, of
course not," sneered the manager. "You've
got to sit looking out the window while
Let me

"I'm sorry to hear it," he said
merely don't mean to antagonize you
've tried to show you that as clearly as
I could. As to whatever advertising is
done or not done, I fancy that will lie in
Miss Farnum's discretion, won't it?"

"Miss Farnum's discretion," repeated
the general manager loudly. "Look here,

a soft heart, with easy morals
don't blame you for her. You filled her
head with a lot of pipe-dreams about ad-
vertising, knowing that she didn't know
the first thing about the business, and
you're perfectly willing to go ahead and

guess not! Don't you believe it for a
minute."

and he took no pains to control his hard

"That's not fair talk," he said
not just to me, and it's not deal
Farnum. She will do what she
is best

"What she thinks
Rouss. "Don't try to k
You know as well as I do
this is playing
Day after d

HYATT rose, trembl
"Mr. Rouss," he
voice, "I believe a Miss
or will to carry out her purpose. You

You think I'm not on the level. All right.
It's up to me to prove to you that I am.
But the next time you insult Miss Far-
num to me in that sneering, unmanly
way—"

The young fellow paused, and tried to
himself. Rouss saw it as
and he showed his teeth in a
bitter grin as he asked, "Well, what?"

Hyatt threw up the window.

"I'm going to put you on that window-
head first—unless you run put me out the
behind. "And I'm ready
to begin right now!"

Rouss looked at the window, and at
Hyatt. There was no possible doubt that
Hyatt meant what he said. But it wasn't
the threat that stopped Rouss as much
as the fact that he words had turned
and not only turned, but displayed
bared fangs. This is always a
startling discovery.

"We'll see about this," said Rouss, and

Farmingville never dreaming that there

employes and
thoughts. He was not prepared for it,
and he felt shot to pieces.

An later Hyatt's interior telephon

once to the corner room.

When he arrived, Miss Farnum was
standing at the window looking out at a

pair of horses struggling
with a dray overloaded with

I woman turned to
ning at him frightened
from her big ey

"It was very unfortunat
dent, Mr. Hyatt. Such impertinence
the part of Mr. Rouss I never dreamed
of. Fortunately the matter
head very quickly. Mr. I said I have
just had an understanding with him made
sense of it. He has promised me he says
will leave the place."

"Then I beg you will let me go!" said
Hyatt quickly. "Please don't think of
will be hurting me at all. I came only
a hearer, you know. I can always go
back to my place in Chicago."

"I have old Mr. Rouss
woman continues, "has he any g

g to dictate the poli
I am here, and I
replied I
are bend was the

Nathan Farnum, wh
facing her

"I know th
I'm a Hyatt
I know it."

Hyatt was quite a moment.
She took several steps toward him. He
saw two fine, slender hands scrolled toward his and she was looking into his

the hands upon his wrists and said

Something bigger than all this is in the
air. I shall need your help more than
ever. The Trust has made us an offer
for the business."

"The Trust? The Universal Paper

They have been after
the business for years. Father stood like
a rock against them. Their offer is gener-
ous, astounding."

"But how can I help you?"

"If sell— go back to auction, sin
and the parades of summer
hotels. I have never in my life been
happy as I took this desk
have done that for

Hyatt. Will you do a
W you help me to keep

"I will stay with you, but as long as y
need me, no matter what happens
I can replied.

She said noth
that was reward enough for a hundred
men the sacrifice.

back with something strange stimulating a

heights of happiness, and then I
ddy hovered into cold misery.
had come swiftly upon him that he was
love with Elizabeth Farnum hopelessly
in love with a woman he could
dream of having. He sat down heavily

back in Chicago—and that nothing of
what was had ever been.

To be continued next week

The Dangers of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D

If I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say Beware
" For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation, which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that 90 per cent. of all sickness starts with acid stomach.

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood, causing autointoxication, nervousness, mental depression and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time becomes affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede, and Pyorrhoea will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid be- stronger than the real. Th erately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only k to the stomach in greater qu at the next meal.

to neutralize acid after it has formed, why not pre- n from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating, and the eating correctly.

fermentation, gas and such disorders has not caused his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself, as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists the day, after everything within their power had ailed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal

are caused by wrong selections and wrong combina- tions of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating, acid-creating food combinations into our stom- achs, already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an un- pleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Chris- tian's method is entirely different—in- stead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods del- iciously cooked: the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach, whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

gether, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas and all kinds of digestive trouble.

patients have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $ 000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

of the United States from people seeking the benefit cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tell you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual

disorders from the

With these lessons at hand it is ju you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thor- oughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which is

You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 little essays in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 794, 450 to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or $4 the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY Inc
Dept. 794, 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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City

State

Make FlavoFlour With This Mill At $150 to $1000 Per Month Profit

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30 Days' Trial

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ANGLO-AMERICAN MILL CO., Inc. 232-237 Trust Bldg. Owensboro, Ky.

They Love Us —They Love Us Not

They Do, Bless Em

Dear Editor

have read EVERY WEEK, and enjoyed it immensely—also for your fine all round woman, the human-s, and the appealing picture main stories, your inspiring edi- ho-dish

pictures.

Now do we love

the and Sun

Sugar with Hot Bread

just righ They please

ination with raisins

while Bertha goes to show that one needs bread and meat as well as sugar in a well balanced meal

S. E. F Brooklyn

We Were Always That Way

Dear Editor

It is a source of amazement to me that you can be so sane on so many subjects. It is a real relief to know that there are some level-headed people left to help bolster this crazy old world

Kensington, Md

Apple Turnover

Interests

Dear Editor

No wonder I see EVERY WEEK read everywhere I go. It is attractive, up-to- tongue-tied or tide-bound, and above all it h

Geraniums for Us

Dear Editor

I like spo to sending alive enough why I shouldn't tell you so ant copy by accident I spent the rest of the afternoon researching the country-side for such numbers. like having a

Happy Reader

Dear Editor

May I tell you how much I like magazine, particularly the outer page stories and the splendidly human sparing editorials? Lo

E. H M

Dot

Stories come and stories go, but pleasure forever They are the first to reach hey ar They are dis-

Suffragettes Wanted

Dear Editor

There are other story magazines as well as novels and newspapers for those who or pictures in your paper is so instinctive and so well chosen and arranged that they know about. Can't you have another page devoted to Suffra- gettes? I wish you would, and a whole too. But what- do, please don't leave out the

Best Fan

instant reader of y since, and n now sending you a of my water color pictures for you hope you will take the same interest o work that I take in yo

O. P. F Newcastle, Pa

All the Best Authors Are Married

Dear Editor

After reading The Trifles' d

gle decided a but dishwashing Hall an of your authors, was married Again disagreement with my friend Will you settle a dispute, if it is no agains your rules?

M. M. M North Adams, Mass

Prize-Winning Suggestion

Dear Editor

I and I want to say that I ap- so stories very much. Most he ring of s- hom I think that you usually ha- a message to give but if you do not happen to have a message think it would be better not to try to make a message

H. S., Minneapolis, Minn

On His Way

"Enc- ng for li- Every Week a library has re- cted for sub- the now and have reduced some distance still to go

J. J. N Washington, D. C

A Bouquet for Our Boiler-Room

Dear Editor

What kind of a boiler do you have in your boiler-room at the Every Week office? Because the way you boil down the "I Have No Time to Read pages is certainly a triumph. I not only got some valuable suggestions as to what Christmas, it was d entertained, myself You follows and at the same time are putting everything from kinds.

R. M C

Uncle Dudley Says

Dot's Own Suffragette

Dear Editor

When your publication made its début I discovered in it page after page of history, science and h

There is Beauty

EVERY wo man has Whatever

Ingram's Milkweed Cream 50c and $1.00 at D- St-

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

EVERY WEEK and THE ASSOCIATED MAGAZINES

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TRY CHALLENGE *CLEANABLE* COLLARS

An invitation to economy. Long wearing, ever-clean, and made with stitched edge effect and dull linen finish.

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No laundry bills ever. Challenge Cleanable Collars insure you against dirt, grease, sun and perspiration. Try them! 25c each at your dealer's or post paid. (half) size and style. A booklet

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PLAY MANY RECORDS WITHOUT CHANGING NEEDLES LOUD SOFT MEDIUM ALL IN ONE

We mail 10 for $1. Ask for OLIVER Anytone Needle 10¢

YOU CAN HAVE THIS

on both sides of the paper. In that case I toss up a coin—and, whether it is heads or tails, I buy another copy of EVERY WEEK.

J. H. K.

Wants to See More of Us

Dear Editor:

Don't do what either F. R. D. or K. R. R. say about leaving out a story or leaving out picture pages. Unless you desire to print more pages and raise the price to five cents (which I think very few of your readers would mind), I think it is best to leave the "Magazine of Wonders" as it is.

S. E. F., New York.

Perpetual Motion

Dear Editor:

Probably you would be glad to know that at the end of every month I send my copies of EVERY WEEK to a friend in Montana who lives forty miles from a railroad. He passes them along to his neighbor homesteaders. So you are not only read every week that you come out, but during many succeeding weeks besides.

A. E. T., Racine, Wis.

For Sweetness and Light

Dear Editor:

For heaven's sake, don't let Roosevelt and his war howlings get into EVERY WEEK. I stopped taking one magazine that was all for strenuousity. We want more about sweet little Mary Pickford and not the martial growls of a bulldog.

H. L. S., Porterville, Cal.

We Travel First-Class

Dear Editor:

Please send your six booklets to my Wall Street Girl, so that on my next trip home we can go over them together. Each week I read EVERY WEEK thoroughly, and then send it to Her first-class, with my comments on the margin. My pard and I are twenty-five and twenty-seven years young, and we and our three kiddies are training like everything for real success—the kind you teach.

R. B. E., Waynesburg, Pa.

'Nother Milestone Passed

Dear Editor:

The funny things you say under the pictures in the two middle pages get more laughs in our family than all the humor in the so-called comic magazines. Go on reveling in levity all you like.

M. C. K., New York City.

Sa Does the Office-Boy

Dear Editor:

Funny thing about your paper—one always takes time to read it, even when one hasn't the time.

M. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

Horse Sense

Dear Editor:

Let me thank you for "The Sport of Kings," not so much because it is a horse story,—though, being a Kentuckian myself, I appreciate that,—but because of the principle involved: the fine-tempered steel sort of man and the abused little thoroughbred mare versus the sledge-hammer sort of persons who too often win the races on the turf, and off too.

Mrs. M. N. W.,
Baldwin, L. I.

A Gentle Reader in Our Home Town

Editorials in Book Form

WE are filled with gratitude and embarrassment every week by receiving a number of letters from readers asking whether the editorials printed in this magazine are available in book form.

They are not, as yet: whether they ever will be depends somewhat on how many people want them. Will all those who think they might like such a book, if it didn't cost more than $1, please stand up and be counted?

Referendums are popular now. If you are interested, spend one cent for a postal card and address it to the Editor at 95 Madison Avenue, New York. You won't obligate yourself at all: we'd just like to know how many of you there are.

He Put Winsted on the Map

WINSTED, Connecticut, is a modest little New England town with no more right to a national reputation than Foxboro, Massachusetts, or Polo, Illinois.

But the whole nation knows Winsted: it is there that the spring lies come from. You must have seen the little despatches from Winsted on the front page of your city paper. Here is one of them:

Lewis Timothy Stone, inventor of the "Peter tunneling trout." "Rudolph, the rooster who has molars and chews his cud like a cow," etc.

Otis Gillette of Winsted has been greatly troubled by mosquitos. He is quite bald, and the mosquitos light on his head and bite him. Mr. Gillette had a spider painted on the bald spot, and now the mosquitos don't dare go near him.

And here are two more:

Claude Berne of John Street, Winsted, found a crow's nest to-day and carried off the eggs. On the way home one of the eggs was hatched in his hand. Claude, the human incubator, tried to rear the baby crow, but unfortunately it died.

Tom Hicks of Winsted has grown tired of feeding the squirrels around his house for nothing, so he has trained them to earn their board. For ten gopher nuts the squirrels brush Tom's coat and pants and shoes. The squirrels bite the ends of their tails and swing backwards and forwards, rubbing their tails against Tom, making the dust fly.

Who sends these bits of nature lore forth to instruct the nation's youth? The New York editors, who had been guilelessly printing them for a long time, sent a man to Winsted to find out. And they discovered Lewis Timothy Stone, editor of the Winsted *Evening Citizen*—not a white-bearded old Yankee, but a square-jawed, clean-shaven newspaper man, who for years has been enjoying himself, and contributing to the merriment of nations, and—incidentally—putting Winsted on the map.

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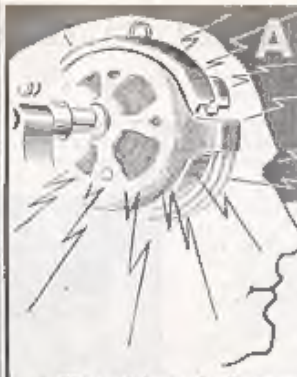


A ONE THOUSAND Horse Power BRAIN

MOST men are *wasting 90 per cent.* of their brain power by letting it lie *dormant*. The 1000-horse-power Brain—the brain that does *big things*—is the *fully* awakened, trained and developed brain. The 1000-horse-power brain *is not born*—it is *made*. Your brain—*90 per cent. asleep*—may have potential possibilities you never dreamed of. You may have an *undeveloped* 1000-horse-power brain, a $10,000, $25,000 or $50,000 a year brain. You can't know until you have awakened and *trained* the 90 per cent. dormant cells. Business success is built on fundamental laws—laws that are clear cut and *trainable* as the Decalogue—the *Sheldon Laws of Business Success.*

SHELDON Will Give You Greater Brain Power

"My salary has been raised 400%—*since taking your course, and I owe much of this to the basic principles of scientific business you taught me.*" (Name on request)

through systematic education of the faculties and powers you NOW POSSESS. He will build up the ABILITY within you which has never been stimulated to its real GROWTH. He will teach you the fundamental principles of business success which have been tried and tested by 40,000 leaders in the business world. He will fit you to reach out for greater things. He will bring you INTO YOUR OWN.

The SHELDON Course Develops the Profit-Making Possibilities In You

Do not depend upon the Knowledge you accumulate through *experience alone*, to make you grow into a place of power in the business world. That way is too costly and slow. You must travel faster through imbibing the fundamental principles of Business-Building and then learning the experience of others.

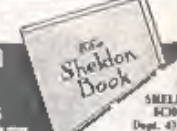
The SHELDON COURSE brings to you the *priceless experience of many thousand successful business men.* If you had to go through *their* experience—if you had to travel the road all these successful men have traveled—IT WOULD TAKE YOU A MILLION YEARS.

The SHELDON COURSE was written in a practical way, by business men, in the *language* of business, so that all may understand. Each one of these men is a "Professor of Success." Collectively, they represent the greatest "faculty" of one of the most magnificent institutions of Business Learning in the world.

Will you help yourself to a better place in the business world—to a larger salary—to REAL SUCCESS and the enjoyment of the best things in life? Send NOW for the SHELDON BOOK and learn more about what SHELDON can do for YOU.

The Sheldon School Dept. 417-E Chicago, Ill.

Send For This FREE BOOK



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One application lasts all day; and gives a most beautiful complexion. Has no equal. Will not injure the most delicate skin. Send 25 cents for sample box. EXORA LABORATORIES, Dept. 1, 1 E. 12th Street, New York

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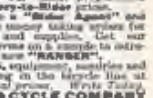
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Monsieur Kerkoff of Paris, inventor of toilet graces, gives you, American Ladies, in his sachet, all that engaging odour of his wonderful Djer-Kiss perfume—refined with a *raffinement* inimitably French.

He fragrances also with Djer-Kiss, these toilet luxuries—Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Vegetale, Toilet Water and Soap.

A sample of Extract, Face Powder and Sachet will be sent on receipt of ten cents. Try them.

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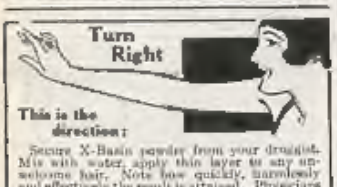
Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman
441 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.
Established 36 Years.

Free Trial Bottle



Secure X-Bazin powder from your druggist. Mix with water, apply thin layer to any unwelcome hair. Note how quickly, painlessly and effectively the result is attained. Physicians endorse its formula. Price 50c and $1 at druggists or by mail. Refuse dangerous substitutes that may disfigure the skin.

HALL & RUCKEL
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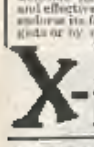
X-BAZIN DEPILATORY POWDER



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SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT THE PERFECT LEG FORMS

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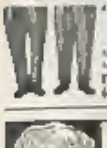

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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.

For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

MACHINE CONTROL FOR SUBWAY TRAINS

THE new municipal subway in New York can handle twenty per cent. more traffic than any other tube in the world, and handle that terrific amount of travel more safely than any railroad system, because the automatic train-control system has eliminated the human element. There are now on the market eight or ten different inventions which guarantee that, no matter what may happen to the engineer of a train, no wreck can occur except on a faulty roadbed.

A fool-proof machine that guides New York's subway trains. The man can make no mistakes, nor can the machine, hence no collisions.

In other words, with the device now in use a train can not be hit by the train following. The engineer can not make the trains collide. A little instrument concealed in the cab will slow the train down and stop it before it can strike any track obstruction. The human factor is done away with.

Statistics show that seventy per cent. of wrecks on American roads could have been prevented by an automatic train-control device. These accidents were caused by illness of the engineer, neglect of orders, excessive speed under bad conditions, or similar human faults.

The instrument in the subway cab records every act of the motorman. When he passes a block signal he must acknowledge it by pressing a button. If he does not a shrill whistle blows until his ear-drums threaten to split. Meanwhile a little paper tape records his neglect.

The control system is operated by a current running through the rails, which is picked up by a special shoe for that purpose only. This shoe also serves to notify the despatcher's office of the whereabouts of all trains. The despatcher can not send two trains into the same block, because purely mechanical interlocking levers prevent him from signaling to permit it. The blocks are made very short, however, and for this reason trains may follow each other very closely and a greater load may be placed on the road than under the old method of block signaling. In addition, a revolving ruled sheet of paper traces the run of each train, so that the despatchers' efficiency may be accurately determined as well as the accuracy of the work of the motormen.

RIP-SAWING ICE

A TRACTOR ice-sawing machine that will saw a cake of ice every second, or 30,000 cakes a day, equaling the output of sixteen men and eight teams, is the interesting invention that has just been perfected by John F. Oehler, a practical ice-handler of La Crosse, Wisconsin. The demonstrations that were conducted on the Mississippi River this winter showed that this machine possesses the distinct advantage of working both forward and backward. Spiked wheels take care of the traction. The buzz-saw can be lowered or raised, as the case may require, to a depth of from six to sixteen inches. The speed of the machine is regulated by a friction disk similar to that used on many automobiles. The saw is geared directly to the engine.

At a jerk of the lever the blade shrieks its way through the ice—one man does the work.

At the end of the cut the guide is shifted to the last mark made, without turning the machine around. The machine serves as its own guide after a correct start is made.

When the 25-horse-power engine is hard at work, the cakes of ice are trimmed off so cleanly and rapidly that it doesn't take long for a mammoth ice-house to be filled with an abundant harvest.

THE CARE OF CREAM

THE University of Illinois has issued an interesting pamphlet having to do with the care of cream on the farm. Excerpts from it follow:

A good many producers do not stop to consider that to command the highest price their cream must be of the best quality. In order to pay the highest price for cream the butter-maker must make a very good, marketable grade of butter, and added to this he must have a good grade of raw material from which to make his product. His finished product will be no better than the cream from which it is made. Therefore, if a farmer expects to receive the best market price for his cream, he must produce a quality of cream that will warrant such a price.

The following rules offer suggestions for caring for cream on the farm:

Keep the cows clean.
Use covered milk-pails.
Milk with dry hands.
Remove all milk from the barn immediately, and separate it at once.
Set the separator so that it will skim cream that will test from 35 to 40 per cent. in the winter and from 40 to 45 per cent. in the summer.
Wash, scald, and dry the separator and all utensils immediately after using. The separator bowl may be dried in a warm oven, though the oven should not be so warm that it will melt the tin on the bowl parts. Setting utensils in the sun is a good practice, as the sunshine acts as a germicide.
Keep all utensils and separator parts dry when not in use.
Cool the cream immediately after skimming by setting the can in cold running water. Construct a cooling-tank, so that the cream will be cooled with the water that is used to fill the stock tank.
Never mix warm cream with cold cream. Cool the cream before mixing it with previous skimmings.
Do not allow the cream to freeze in cold weather.
Stir the cream at least twice a day; this will keep it smooth and free from lumps. Do not use a wooden paddle for a stirrer, as it is unsanitary.
Deliver cream frequently, at least twice a week in winter and three times a week in warm weather.

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here is an antiseptic germicidal liniment—one that is healing, cooling and soothing. Absorbine, Jr., is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is both. It means prompt relief from aches and pains; keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming more serious.

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DIAGNOSING YOUR DISEASE

A HOSPITAL has been founded in New York City for the exclusive purpose of diagnosing disease. To this institution doctors may bring all their puzzling cases just as soon as they know that a careful, scientific diagnosis is necessary to determine what treatment will help the patient.

Dr. A. W. Ferris, writing in the *Modern Hospital*, says that the medical profession is "dismayed at the decay and even death of thousands who should be in the prime of life, efficient and vigorous." Meanwhile, educated persons are decrying the prevalence of a suffering old age instead of a hale, hearty one, and the idea is growing that the trouble is that diseases of these persons are not being judged and treated correctly.

Dr. Ferris says that many of the adopted theories of the profession have not reached the general practitioner. Many doctors do not know the facts of malaria, established in 1898; the absolute facts of vaccination for smallpox; the newer conceptions of that old scrap-basket, rheumatism; the now generally accepted views regarding diabetes; the relation of mouth hygiene to health; and on down the list. He goes even further and mentions the new science of dread, which was brought to light by the Freudian school.

"What more satisfying to the practitioner than to 'pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the hidden troubles of the brain,' and restore calm judgment by means of circulatory and digestive improvement, and perhaps by psychoanalysis?"

The country doctor often can not make the tests that are now considered necessary to diagnosis, and even the wealthy physician has no such apparatus as the electrocardiograph, which photographs heart action and other important functions. The diagnosis hospital has been founded for the purpose of improving these conditions, and assisting physicians in their difficulties.

GUARDING COMMERCIAL NOSES

MEN with queer, rabbit-like faces are not necessarily gas-masked fighters in the cause of war. They may be on the commercial firing line, where gas masks have been worn for years to protect the health of workers in the peaceful factories of the United States. Various disinfectants manufactured in this country contain chemicals that are similar to the poison gas of the European trenches, and in order to conserve the lives of the employees it is necessary for them to wear air purifiers or even oxygen helmets.

Gas masks of industry conserve the health of workers in many manufacturing plants.

Chloride of lime gives off some quantities of chlorine gas, and the picture herewith was made at Bush Terminal, New York City, of men working outside a plant. Such simple masks are also worn by workers in factories that use soda and potash in various forms. Oxygen helmets must also be worn in the manufacture of absorbent cotton for surgical use; for the disinfectant used is the most deadly known to science—hydrocyanic gas.

WHAT IS A TWISTER?

A Texas tornado visited the National Guard on the border; and, since the boys are brave and there were no cellars, we have this remarkable photograph.

NEW YORK members of the National Guard had peculiar experiences with "twisters" on the Texas border. These big winds had no respect for tents and seemed to care little whither they traveled. J. K. Lamoree, who took this photograph of a wind dervish that just missed his tent, says in *Travel*: "Twisters start from nothing, grow, and keep right on traveling. They resemble gigantic tubes of smoke, moving rapidly across otherwise perfectly clear prairie."

These winds are technically tornadoes full of dust, which attain a velocity of from one to two hundred miles an hour in the vortex, and are local to Texas, Iowa, Kansas, and other States of the middle West. They are caused by areas of cold air superimposed upon areas of highly heated air near the surface of the earth. The difference in temperature causes the hot air at the bottom to rise, and a figure is created in the atmosphere not unlike that in a wash-bowl when the water is let out in a little whirlpool.

SYNTHETIC SOUP

NEW YORK may have relieved the food situation with smelts and hominy, but Philadelphia has waked up to synthetic soup—or stone soup, as the chemist who spoke before Franklin Institute called his invention. A synthetic substance is a chemical composition made in the laboratory instead of one grown by nature; and this meat or soup is produced by a formula that ought to scare even a chemist if he is thinking of dinner. Nevertheless it is good, nourishing, and cheap, if the audience at the Institute was properly quoted by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Take portions of sodium phosphate, calcium carbonate, and ammonium sulphate, add a little sugar and some yeast. All the ingredients except the last two are, in a general way, minerals. Yeast is an enzym, or contains fermentive agents called enzyms, which digest the mineral matter automatically, and the resultant sticky paste has all the nutritive qualities of beef extract, smells like it, and tastes like it. The yeast changes the inorganic material into an organic meat substitute.

There were doubters among the listeners to this remarkable story, but their doubts were removed by the act of tasting the "stone meat." Every man present pronounced it good. The chemist thinks he has produced artificial meat that will be tender, no matter how old the calcium soda used may be.

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